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DRU'S RED SEA.

BY MRS. MARY A. PARSONS.

"LIZIBUTH!" rang out from the low brown house. Dru was not mean enough to run and hide, though she knew that, as her sister was not there, her own name would be the next one called, surely enough.

"Drusilla!" came, directly, in a lower and assured tone, that showed the mother had seen her younger daughter, where she stood sulkily expectant, kicking with her bare feet the chips that strewed the ground by the chopping-block; for no child in the neighborhood of Dru's house, thirty years ago, thought of wearing shoes in the summer-time, excepting to go to "meeting" or "down to town."

Really, Dru was cross at being called in from play to take care of the baby, as she supposed. The fact was, she had thought the baby very charming while it was a new thing, when one could fancy it floating in through the window, while everybody was asleep, clad in delicate white robes that looked in the moonlight like fleecy clouds. But when it not only stayed and made itself perfectly at home,—nay, expected the whole house to wait on it; moreover, when, if it did n't get instantly whatever it wanted, it screamed so that "you could n't hear yourself think,"—why then, though Dru would n't have gone to the length of calling it "a little plague," or "a bother," lest it should go floating out again never to return, she did go so far as to say, one very trying day, that "if babies were angels, she did n't see why they did n't act a little more like 'em."

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"Be a little lady now," said the pale, careworn mother, gently. "I want to talk with you, for I'm in trouble."

Ah! Dru was so sorry she had looked cross, since, after all, it was n't drudgery she had been called in for, but to be consulted as if she had been grown up! Instead of saying what she felt, though, she acted it. Slipping past her mother she ran to the cradle where the crying baby lay, and, catching him up, walked around with him, saying, in explanation:

"So I can hear you better, mother!"

Mrs. Ide took down a letter from the top of the clock-case. Letters were not put into envelopes then as now, but were folded skillfully and sealed with wax or wafers.

"You see, father had to send off this letter, with money in it, right away. He's been bothered to death to get it, or they'd 'a' taken the house-place from him. He had to go to the meadows to-day, and told me to be sure and give this to the baker to take to the post-office. Either the baker's not been along, or else he came while I was down to the spring rinsin' the clothes, and went 'thout my hearing him. You see, Lizibuth's gone off blue-berryin', has n't she?"

"Yes," answered Dru in a muffled voice, for the baby's face lay against hers and he was now fast asleep.

"Here, I'll take the baby," said Mrs. Ide, for she wanted Dru's whole attention to what she was about to say.

"Do you s'pose you could go down to town and carry this letter safely?"

"Oh, mother! I'd try," answered Dru, with that look of hers which made her mother say, sometimes, "She's a faithful creatur", if she sets out to be, and that's a fact."

While her mother was laying the sleeping baby in his cradle again, Dru wondered, but dared not ask, whether she was to "dress up," lest her mother should think her too silly to be trusted; but she came near dancing—indeed there was one little hop—when her mother brought out her meetin' clothes,—stout shoes, tucked pantalets, white skirt with knitted oak-leaf edging round the bottom, checked muslin dress, and, yes! it really was —

"My best bonnet!" came out in a voice meant to be calm, but with a little ripple of laughter in it, which two-year-old Johnny caught up and echoed so lustily that he had to be set out among his mud-pies again, for fear of waking baby. Of course, he toddled back again at once to see what was going on.

The bonnet was of pink satin, trimmed with ribbon and with a bunch of feathery-leaved flowers high up on one side. Aunt Sarah had given it to her a year ago, and Dru regarded it still as the "very han'somest bonnet anywhere 'round these parts."

Mrs. Ide did not think stockings were needful, as the pantalets came to the tops of the shoes, and the weather was warm.

Dru, holding the letter tightly clasped in her right hand, walked by the few houses in the neighborhood with very short steps and extreme complacency. Then came a long stretch of woods and bare hot hills, with only Deacon Jones's house for more than a mile.

For the first time, Dru realized the distance, and that the shoes cramped her active little feet. Arguing that in case she met anybody the satin bonnet would keep her dignity safe, she sat down on a clean stone by the roadside, and, still holding the letter tightly, she quickly untied and took off the offending shoes.

Then she played they were alive, though it was hardly play with her, big child as she was, for she said, when "Lizibuth" laughed at her once:

"It seems to me that everythin' 's got just as much sense 's I have, only we can't hear 'em talk among themselves."

So now, holding one shoe in each hand, she beat them together, saying:

"You 've pinched my feet like ev'rything! 'n' I 'm goin' to give you a good whippin'!"

Then she made a noise like crying, to add to the effect; but, suddenly, she stopped, held one shoe

above the other, and said, in a creaky voice like a squeaking shoe:

"You gump, to cry! don't you see the beating shakes the dust off? there 's a providence in 't, I do believe."

"Hullo, sissy!"

The voice was so near that Dru sprang to her feet in terror, dropping one shoe in her effort to clasp the letter more firmly. This action was not lost on the speaker, whose bloodshot eyes, as he stared sleepily from the bushes, showed the child that she had waked up what we call a "tramp," but what she would have called an "old trav'ler"; not that this one was old,—the name was given because most stragglers were so.

"What 've you got there, sissy? Some money for me?"

"Yes," answered Dru, with dry lips, not daring to lie even to him. "But not for you."

She knew this was saucy, and she feared the man would beat or even kill her for it, or to get possession of the money; so, without stopping to pick up the dropped shoe, she started to run.

Hearing the man spring from the bushes and give chase, poor Dru uttered a wild scream of terror and flew like the wind toward the town.

"I wont hurt ye, sissy! Come back and get your shoe!" called the man, in a wheedling tone; but finding she only fled the faster, he yelled with an oath:

"Stop! or I 'll shoot ye!"

Dru never doubted he would keep his word, though she had seen no gun in his hand, so she darted into the birches that lined one side of the road, and sprang for the old stone wall that stood back of them.

Climbing this wall too hastily, she not only dropped the other shoe, but also loosened the stones so that a dozen or more fell with a loud crash, and, directly after, the man heard a splash and a cry.

Squeezing through the thick growth of underbrush, he easily found the gap in the wall. Crossing this, he passed cautiously down a steep bank, for his eyes, dazzled by the mid-day sun, did not at once become used to the dim light of the deep woods where he found himself.

Presently, he saw at his feet a dark pool of water, its surface a little ruffled as if a stone might have rolled in, but no sign of the child.

As he stooped to pick up a stick to try the depth of the pool, he heard the sound of a horse galloping along the road in the direction whence Dru had come.

The girl had screamed—she might have been heard! Worse, she might have fallen into the water stunned by one of the larger stones, and as

this thought flashed across his mind, he reasoned that his own safety lay in flight; so he quickly plunged into the thick forest and was out of sight in a moment.

Where, all this time, was poor little Dru? She had indeed fallen into the water; but, though she knew directly it was only Stillbrook, and that it was not deep enough to drown her, still, finding herself helplessly sliding in, her first thought was that the precious letter would be wet, and this dread had made her cry out. But she held the letter high over her head, and the splash only sprinkled the outside; and as soon as she struck bottom, she had presence of mind enough to dart under the edge of the bridge across which the road lay.

Here she recovered breath sufficiently to "reckon damages." The letter was not hurt,—so far, good. Next, the pink bonnet had received the addition, for a minute, of a ragged veil of water-drops. As for pantalets and white muslin dress, they could be washed, and Dru did n't give them a thought. Had she not felt that life and property were in danger, her very soul would have been torn at the ruin of her bonnet. And how any modern little girl with half a dozen hats to the season would have laughed at her, to be sure!

She did feel a lump rising in her throat, as she saw the feathery leaves hanging limp—"like a hen's tail in the rain," she thought,—but the money; how was that to be taken safely to town? She dared not venture back lest the man had only pretended to run away, nor did she dare climb up into the road, for the same reason. Could she go under the bridge? The water was not deep, not up to her knees; but the bridge was dark and low. She would have to crawl through with the help of only one hand, while in the other she held the letter.

Dru shuddered.

"If there's snakes there overhead, I should be awful scared."

Then she remembered the path made through the Red Sea, and pondered:

"I don't see why my father's house aint of just as much consequence to him and his folks, as the Israelites' things were to them. I'm agoin' to pray for this brook to dry up so that I can get through."

No sooner said than done; though, mind you, Dru did n't say anything aloud,—the man might be listening, just as she was.

She shut her eyes tight, and clasped both hands over the letter, and prayed:

"Oh Lord! make the dark and dreadful brook as dry as the Israelites found the Red Sea, 'cause my father's house would be sold if I could n't get

the money in this letter into the post-office to-day. Amen."

Dru hurried the last part, finding herself beginning to cry; but she opened her eyes a little bit at a time, dreading, while she hoped, to see an immediate answer. But no! the brook flowed on as calmly as ever, and as deep.

Dru's first feeling was relief, her next, disappointment, and, it must be confessed, a sense of injury, as if she had not been as well worth notice as the ancient Jews had been.

Then, with a swelling heart and defiant face, she thought:

"I'm agoin' through, anyhow!"

Peeping cautiously around to learn if the "old trav'ler" were in sight, she crept out from behind the big stone where she had hidden, and began her tedious journey under the bridge.

It was wet, surely, but the water was warm, for the current set from the farther side where the sun was shining. No snakes appeared to terrify, or be terrified by the odd-enough sight of a limp pink bonnet and dirty white dress bobbing up and down in that place.

Dru's feet were not tender, and she made very good progress. As she neared the end of the bridge, she heard a hurried trampling, and her heart stood still for a moment, but it was only cows hastening down from the hot pasture to drink.

As they dipped their noses, taking in long deep draughts without breathing, Dru thankfully murmured:

"I'm glad my prayer was n't answered. I could get through, and the cows were so dry."

When she suddenly appeared before them, however, it was their turn to draw back, afraid, but Dru said softly:

"Poor Mooly! co-boss! co-boss! co-boss!"

Reassured, they bent down their heads to drink again.

As for Dru, she gave one eager look backward, as she quitted the protecting bridge,—one long look across the pasture toward Deacon Jones's, and, finding the coast apparently clear, she ran again, feeling that the dreadful man was behind, yet knowing he was not.

She was breathless when she knocked at the Deacon's door, and to his wondering question, "What little drowned rat is this?" she could only gasp out:

"Dru—silla—Jane—Ide!"

Then she held up the letter, and burst out crying.

"Come here, mother!" cried the alarmed deacon.

Presently kind Mrs. Jones had changed Dru's

wet clothing for dry wraps, had made her drink a bowl of ginger tea, so hot it almost choked her, and given her to eat no less than six seed-cakes. By that time, the deacon brought the "shay" to the front door, to take the important letter to the office himself. Afterward, he carried Dru home in state.

When her mother had heard the story, and looked in her little girl's face for any sign of fever or other hurt from the trial she had gone through, and found nothing wrong, she kissed Dru and called her "her faithful child."

Talking it over that night, Dru said to her mother, gayly:

"I guess God thinks it's no use to be answerin' all the funny prayers some folks make."

"Why, I reckon He answered yours," said her mother. "It was better for you to help yourself. Of course, He helped you some, too, for you say you felt afraid at first, and then you were n't."

"Then I reckon He thought the Israelites were a babyish set, mother."

"Well," said Mrs. Ide, "may be we had n't ought to say so, 'specially o' Moses 'n' Aaron; but, mostly, they did act childish, seems to me."

"And we are to ask Him to help us whatever way He's a mind to?"

"Certainly we are, dear."

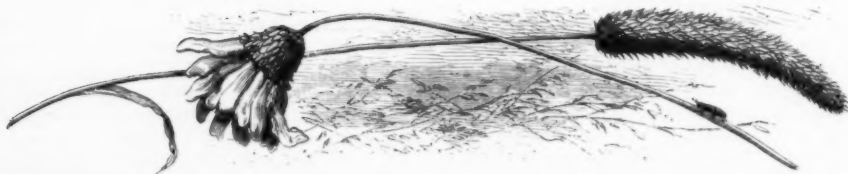
NID-NODDING.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

NID-NID-NODDING in the sun,
Poppy-buds hang over one by one;
All the garden-alleys glow with heat;
Slow and languid are the little feet,
Glad to linger in the door-way cool,
Home at noon from school.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Where the lazy little brooklets run
Through the meadow, swings an idle bird,
Chirps the faintest carol ever heard,
Twittering through the tinkle of the rill,—
Then the nest is still.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Droop the heavy grasses every one,
Kissing down the drowsy laddie's eye;—
Croons a locust from the field close by;—
Lost in dells of dream-land, cool and deep,
He is fast asleep.



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DORY-FISHING.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.



WITH perhaps an exception in favor of the capricious canoe, there is no species of craft which can glide from beneath its unaccustomed occupant with more startling ease than a fisherman's dory.

This characteristic, with the fact that it is light, sharp, narrow, and flat-bottomed, suggests to the average landsman, that a dory is not a very safe craft. Yet the question of safety depends largely upon the man having the management. If skillfully handled, a dory will ride out a gale in mid-ocean with comparative ease, when a ship's long-boat would probably be swamped.

The important point under such circumstances is to keep the little craft, as the sailors say, "head on to the sea"; which means that the bow must continually be presented to the on-coming wave. Thus managed, the dory, from its extreme buoyancy, dances like a cork on the summit of terrible wave-crests, which would break over and fill a heavier boat.

But if the heart of the rower fails, or worse still, if his thole-pin gives way, or his oar breaks, then is he in danger, indeed. The dory, swinging broadside to the sea, is rolled over in an instant, and becomes the sport of the waves, while its occupant finds himself struggling in the ocean.

The three methods most in vogue among fishermen for taking cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, are these,—“hand-lining,” “trawling,” and “dory-fishing.” The two former have been often described. It is sufficient for me to say that in “hand-lining,” all hands fish from the vessel's deck, while in “trawling,” a line sometimes a mile in length, to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached, is sunk to the proper depth, and visited once or twice in the twenty-four hours if the weather permits—so that the fish may be taken off and the hooks rebaited.

But in “dory-fishing,” a dory is allotted to each of the crew, in which, unless the weather be exceptionally bad, he must launch out into the deep, there to remain until he catches his boat full, or is warned by the gathering darkness to return.

Though, as to that, it is seldom or never really light for any length of time on the Banks. Here, indeed, is the birthplace of gloomier, denser, and more generally unpleasant fogs than can be found

anywhere else in the known world. But catching thousands upon thousands of fine cod-fish seems an ample equivalent for not catching even a glimpse of the sun for weeks at a time, and, doubtless, the world looks all the brighter when one again reaches a region of clear atmosphere and sunny skies.

But despite the many unpleasant and dangerous surroundings of such a trip, almost every one returns several pounds heavier, and several degrees healthier. Hard-worked collegians, and even puny boy-students, often ship from Cape Ann or Gloucester in the spring, with this sole object in view.

For an example of the work, and the fun of a dory-fisher, let me show you how young Bates (who is soon to enter Harvard) is enjoying himself as one of the crew of the “Betsy,” now at anchor on “Casey's Bank,” somewhere in the latitude of Cape Sable. The trim little eighty-ton schooner, with seventy-five fathoms of cable out ahead, is plunging and rolling in a manner which to a landsman would seem frightful. It is young Bates's morning watch on deck. He was dressing fish until eleven o'clock the night previous, after a hard day's fishing in a choppy sea. Every bone in his body aches; every finger on his hands is sore and stiff. He is fairly overcome with desire for sleep, and I regret to add, is proportionately cross. But, for that matter, so are the entire crew, whom with a sort of wretched gratification, he rouses from slumber precisely at four o'clock A. M., in obedience to the cook's summons to breakfast.

With far more favorable surroundings, breakfast at four A. M. would be to many a hollow mockery; yet young Bates has a fine appetite. Neither the discomfort of a red-hot cooking-stove just behind him, nor the tendency of everything movable to rush frantically down the table at spasmodic intervals, can prevent him from enjoying with a keen relish the homely fare which once he would have thought uneatable. After breakfast, donning his oil clothes, he goes on deck. A drizzly fog as uncomfortable, and nearly as impenetrable, as a wet woolen blanket, clings to everything. As the “Betsy” laboriously climbs the mountainous green seas, to sink into succeeding valleys of watery space, the slippery deck becomes alternately a steep upward incline or a dizzy descent.

Five weeks ago, young Bates would have thought it madness to launch out into such a tumult of waters in a frail dory.

But now, he performs the act as quite a matter of course. With bait-bucket, lines and water-jug in their proper places, he pulls leisurely to windward. The "Betsy," and the little fleet of dories fast scattering in different directions, are swallowed

drops his twenty-five pound anchor overboard, giving it about sixty fathoms of scope, that his dory may rise easily on the vast seas, without bringing too sudden a strain upon the anchor, in which case he would get adrift.



"THE VEIL OF FOG WAS SUDDENLY LIFTED."

up in the fog, and he is alone on the deep. But despite the gray loneliness of the clinging vapor and sullen sea, there is an exhilaration in the very ease with which he sends his light craft forward, even while it is being upborne on the rising surface of a vast wave. Then, too, there is a strange sense of awe which he can never entirely overcome, as he is carried with startling swiftness down a long-reaching slope, where for a breathless second he seems to be engulfed in a terrible chasm walled in by threatening seas.

Here he can think of the past, and, if he will, dream of the future. Among other things, he remembers with what a strange thrill he had seen a large Cunard steamer emerge from the fog a day or two previously, and pass within about a stone's throw of his boat.

But now to business, for he is nearly a mile distant from the "Betsy." Shipping his oars he

Then, baiting his lines, each of which is provided with a pair of hooks and a heavy sinker, he throws one over either side of the dory. Standing erect with his feet firmly braced and a line over each forefinger, he awaits his first bite. For one cannot fish sitting down; he must learn to keep his feet while the little cockle-shell of a boat is riding the vast surges, and apparently trying continually to pitch him overboard.

A dull tug is felt on one line, and, dropping the other, he pulls hand over hand a fathom at a time, until with about as many regular motions of his arms as there are fathoms of water on the shoal, he hauls a pair of cod over the side. By the time his hooks are rebaited, the other line needs his attention, and thus he alternates between the two, till he has fish enough for a load, or a gun fired from the vessel's deck by the skipper (who, with the cook, remains on board and fishes over

the rail) summons him to dinner. Occasionally, he catches a worthless haddock, or perchance an ugly skate, with its half-human face. Sometimes it is a cod the size of a very small boy, or a huge black pollock, to secure which he has to use a gaff.

But his dory is now as deep as it will safely swim, and, hauling up his anchor with infinite pains, he pulls back to the schooner. Throwing the painter to the "skipper," young Bates, standing upright, has the harassing duties of counting his fish as he pitches them one by one on board, and keeping his boat from being stove under the schooner's counter, as she descends on a receding wave.

After dinner he is ready to start out again, but the afternoon efforts may not prove very successful, and he may have to change his ground several times before he finds fish in abundance. Once, while he was anchored and busily fishing, he witnessed a singular phenomenon. He had for some time been conscious of a far-off but continuous sound, as that of a muffled thunder-peal, coming to his ears above the constant wash and surge of the waves. While he was striving to account therefor, the atmosphere about him grew strangely luminous, and an unaccustomed sense of warmth was in the air. While he thus wondered, the veil of fog was suddenly lifted from the face of the deep, as though by magic, and overhead appeared a circular patch of blue sky. And lo! as he gazed, a long island, on whose white shores were strewn the timbers of many a wrecked ship, seemed to rise, as it were, from the sea, perhaps a mile distant. Yet, even while he dimly discerned a few buildings and a flag-staff, the gray mists suddenly

shut down with marvelous swiftness, blotting out every vestige of the vision, and leaving him to wonder whether he had seen all this or dreamed it. But when he drew one of his lines which had lain idly upon the bottom, what do you think he found upon the unbaited hook? What, but a china doll's head! They told him when he came on board and showed his strange token from the deep, that he had looked upon Sable Island, where unforeseen currents and quicksands unite with fog and tempest to lure many a noble ship to destruction. And one old man said that the bottom of the sea in this vicinity was strewn with untold wealth, and that the doll's head so singularly brought to the surface was, without doubt, from some wrecked vessel.

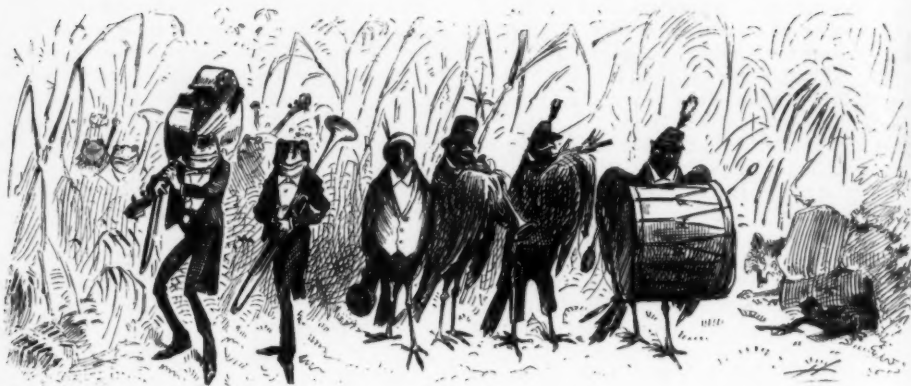
But the catching of fish is as nothing in young Bates's estimation compared with the wearisome toil of dressing and salting them down in the hold. Sometimes, the crew work at this most disagreeable task until midnight.

But every voyage has its end, and when young Bates presented himself at the office in the city I hardly knew him, so brown and stout had he grown. Yet I hardly think he will care to make a second trip to the Banks, even though he should become, as he expresses it, "thinner than a dollar bill." In spite of its curious experiences and its various beneficial effects, I do not think it likely that dory-fishing will ever become as popular an amusement as the milder forms of fishing, in which we can so easily indulge from a boat on some smooth inland water, from the banks of a stream, or even from the end of a wharf.



THE SYLVAN PARTY.

BY ALICE H. HARRINGTON.



ONE moonlight night in balmy June,
The animals, forsaking
Their various haunts in wood and field,
Met for a merry-making.

The frogs, with trombones and bassoons,
Came trooping from the sedges;

The lizard peeped from out his den
To see what was the matter.

The band struck up a lively tune,
The dancers took their places;
The solemn crow led out the mink,
Who aired her youthful graces.



The whip-poor-will and nightingale
Brought cornets from the hedges.

The night-hawks came with fifes and drums
And swelled the cheerful clatter;



The simpering squirrel swung the toad,
And looked so very winning;
The 'coon and woodchuck joined their paws,
And in a waltz went spinning.



The 'possum danced a Highland fling,
The fun grew fast and furious;
The rabbit cut a pigeon's wing
That really was quite curious.



The bull-frog sang a bass solo—
Although his cold was frightful;
The weasel, who stood by entranced,
Pronounced the song delightful.



The fox and owl, beneath a tree,
Of art and science twaddled;
While up and down the promenade
The goose and turtle waddled.

At last the sun began to rise,
And Brindle homeward wended
Her way right through the festive scene,
And so the party ended.

GREEN COVERS AND BROWN.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WHEN I was a very small boy, I was rummaging one day in a closet in my mother's house, and came upon a little book with bright green covers. I thought that must be a treasure indeed; for there were not many books in the house, of any kind, and there were none at all that would be specially attractive to a child. This seemed to be just about the right size for a little boy, and its cover was certainly very pretty.

Speaking of covers, I learned better than to judge of a book from its outside, by a severe lesson

which came a few years later. A lady visiting at our house asked me what school I attended, who was the teacher, and what were my studies. In answer to the last question I mentioned, among other things, philosophy. "What philosophy do you study?" said she. Now it happened that the particular book which I used had been covered with brown paper to keep it neat, and this, of course, concealed the title, for which I had never troubled myself to look. So I gave the lady the only description in my power, by answering,

"Brown-covered." The family were greatly amused at my simplicity, and I have not yet heard the last of my new science of Brown-covered Philosophy.

Well, to go back to the little green book. If I had been attracted by the outside, what was my delight on opening to the title-page. It seemed to me that no subject could be so romantic for a book as "The Deserted Village," and no name so beautiful for an author as Oliver Goldsmith.

I sat down on the floor, and turned over the leaves, but was disappointed. It was poetry! I had an idea that poetry was always very difficult to understand, and I took it for granted that it would be great folly for a little boy to attempt it. So I did not even try to read a single line, but promised myself that when I grew up, and was learned enough to understand poetry, I would read that little green book.

I did not know then, what I have learned since, that some of the finest poetry we have is among the simplest things in the language, most easily comprehended and longest remembered. This very poem is a case in point.

I had grown up, and had read it a great many times in other editions, when one day, as I was sitting in my office, the little green-covered copy came to my mind. I wrote home to have the old house searched for it, but it could not be found. Then I wrote to a sister who had moved to a far Western State, and to my great joy she found it among the things she had carried to her new home, and sent it to me.

When it arrived, my first glance inside of it was at the bottom of the title-page, and lo! the little book had been printed and published in that very office, five years before I was born, and by the gentleman who had occupied before me the chair in which I was sitting.

The little green covers are sadly faded, and the leaves are yellow with time; but it is the most highly prized of any volume on my shelf of poetry. Time cannot dim the beauty of the poem, and the memory of its author will be forever green. He was born about three years before Washington, and has been dead almost a century; but the number of his readers has never diminished. He was very much laughed at and ridiculed for his personal oddities, and his life was unhappy and unsatisfactory; but he did a great deal to make other people happy. He would give away his money, his dinner, or his clothes, whenever he saw anybody in distress, and he wrote some of the most enjoyable books that ever were printed. One reason why I like him is because he did not write long, tedious things, that you have to sit up ever so many nights to read through, and forget the beginning before you reach the end.

If you open your geography at the map of Ireland, and put the point of your pencil exactly in the center of that island, it will not be far from the scene of "The Deserted Village," which I hope you will all read without waiting to grow up first. The poem calls the village "Auburn," but its true name was "Lissoy;" and it was the place where the poet lived in childhood.

LITTLE ELSIE.

Now, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—O?

As deep her eyes
As purple skies;
Of softest velvet is her chin;

And I've been told,
Her heart is gold,
By some one who 's been peeping in.

So, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—O?



A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT BOY HAS DONE, BOY MAY DO.



HERE was one place that I wished, particularly, to visit before I left, and that was what the people in Nassau called the Coral-reef. There were lots of coral-reefs, all about the islands, but this one was easily visited, and for this reason, I suppose, was chosen as a representative of its class. I had been there before, and had seen all the wonders of the reef through a water-glass,—which is a wooden box, with a pane of glass at one end and open at the other. You hold the glass end of this box just under the water, and put your face to the open end, and then you can see down under the water, exactly as if you were looking through the air. And on this coral-reef, where the water was not more than twelve or fourteen feet deep, there were lots of beautiful things to see. It was like a submarine garden. There was coral in every form and shape, and of different colors; there were sea-feathers, which stood up like waving purple-trees, most of them a foot or two high, but some a good deal higher; there were sea-fans, purple and yellow, that spread themselves up from the curious bits of coral-rock on the bottom, and there were ever so many other things that grew like bushes and vines, and of all sorts of colors. Among all these you could see the fishes swimming about, as if they were in a great aquarium. Some of these fishes were very large, with handsome black bands across their backs, but the prettiest were some little fellows, no bigger than sardines, that swam in among the branches of the sea-feathers and fans. They were colored bright blue, and yellow, and red; some of them with two or three colors apiece. Rectus called them “humming-fishes.” They did remind me of humming-birds, although they did n’t hum.

When I came here before, I was with a party of ladies and gentlemen. We went in a large sail-boat, and took several divers with us, to go down and bring up to us the curious things that we would select, as we looked through the water-glass.

There was n’t anything peculiar about these divers. They wore linen breeches, for diving dresses, and were the same kind of fellows as those who dived for pennies at the town.

Now, what I wanted to do, was to go to the coral-reef and dive down and get something for myself. It would be worth while to take home a sea-fan or something of that kind, and say you brought it up from the bottom of the sea yourself. Any one could get things that the divers had brought up. To be sure, the sea was n’t very deep here, but it had a bottom, all the same. I was not so good a swimmer as these darkeys, who ducked and dived as if they had been born in the water, but I could swim better than most fellows, and was particularly good at diving. So I determined, if I could get a chance, to go down after some of those things on the coral-reef.

I could n’t try this, before, because there were too many people along, but Rectus, who thought the idea was splendid, although he did n’t intend to dive himself, agreed to hire a sail-boat with me, and go off to the reef, with only the darkey captain.

We started as early as we could get off, on the morning after we had been at Fort Charlotte. The captain of the yacht—they give themselves and their sail-boats big titles here—was a tall colored man, named Chris, and he took two big darkey boys with him, although we told him we did n’t want any divers. But I suppose he thought we might change our minds. I did n’t tell him I was going to dive. He might not have been willing to go, in that case.

We had a nice sail up the harbor, between the large island on which the town stands, and the smaller ones that separate the harbor from the ocean. After sailing about five miles we turned out to sea between two islands, and pretty soon were anchored over the reef.

“Now then, boss,” said Captain Chris, “don’t ye want these here boys to do some divin’ for ye?”

“I told you I would n’t want them,” said I. “I’m going to dive, myself.”

“You dive, boss!” cried all three of the darkeys at once, and the two boys began to laugh.

“Ye can’t do that, boss,” said the captain. “Ef ye aint’ used to this here kind o’ divin’, ye can’t do nothin’ at all, under this water. Ye better let the boys go fur ye.”

“No,” said I, “I’m going myself,” and I began to take off my clothes.

The colored fellows did n't like it much, for it seemed like taking their business away from them; but they could n't help it, and so they just sat and waited to see how things would turn out.

"You 'd better take a look through the glass, before you dive," said Rectus, "and choose what you 're going to get."

"I 'm not going to be particular," I replied. "I shall get whatever I can."

"The tide 's pretty strong," said the captain. "You 've got to calkate fur that."

I was obliged for this information, which was generous on his part, considering the circumstances, and I dived from the bow, as far out as I could jump. Down I went, but I did n't reach the bottom, at all. My legs grazed against some branches and things, but the tide had me back to the boat in no time, and I came up near the stern which I seized, and got on board.

Both the colored boys were grinning, and the captain said:

"Ye can't dive that-a way, boss. You 'll never git to the bottom, at all, that-a way. Ye must go right down, ef ye go at all."

I knew that, but I must admit I did n't care much to go all the way down when I made the first dive. Just as I jumped, I thought of the hard sharp things at the bottom, and I guess I was a little too careful not to dive into them.

But now I made a second dive, and I went down beautifully. I made a grab at the first thing my hand touched. It was a purple knob of coral. But it stuck tight to its mother-rock, and I was ready to go up before it was ready to come loose, and so I went up without it.

"T aint easy to git them things," said the captain, and the two boys said:

"No indeed, boss, ye cahn't git them things dat-a way."

I did n't say anything, but in a few minutes I made another dive. I determined to look around a little, this time, and seize something that I could break off or pull up. I found that I could n't stay under water, like the darkeys could. That required practice, and perhaps more fishy lungs.

Down I went, and I came right down on a small sea-fan, which I grabbed instantly. That ought to give way, easily. But as I seized it I brought down my right foot into the middle of a big round sponge. I started, as if I had had an electric shock. The thing seemed colder and wetter than the water; it was slimy and sticky and horrid. I did not see what it was, and it felt as if some great sucker-fish, with a cold woolly mouth, was trying to swallow my foot. I let go of everything, and came right up, and drew myself, puffing and blowing, on board the boat.

How Captain Chris laughed! He had been watching me through the water-glass, and saw what had scared me.

"Why, boss!" said he, "sponges don't eat people! That was nice and sof' to tread on. A sight better than cuttin' yer foot on a piece o' coral."

That was all very well, but I 'm sure Captain Chris jumped the first time he ever put his bare foot into a sponge under water.

"I s'pose ye 're goin' to gib it up now, boss," said the captain.

"No, I 'm not," I answered. "I have n't brought up anything yet. I 'm going down again."

"You 'd better not," said Rectus. "Three times is all that anybody ever tries to do anything. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. One, two, three. You 're not expected to try four times. And, besides, you 're tired."

"I 'll be rested in a minute," said I, "and then I 'll try once more. I 'm all right. You need n't worry."

But Rectus did worry. I must have looked frightened when I came up, and I believe he had caught the scare. Boys will do that. The captain tried to keep me from going in again, but I knew it was all nonsense to be frightened. I was going to bring up something from the bottom, if it was only a pebble.

So, after resting a little while, and getting my breath again, down I went. I was in for anything now, and the moment I reached the bottom I swept my arm around and seized the first thing I touched. It was a pretty big thing, for it was a sea-feather over five feet high,—a regular tree. I gave a jerk at it, but it held fast. I wished, most earnestly, that I had taken hold of something smaller, but I did n't like to let go. I might get nothing else. I gave another jerk, but it was of no use. I felt that I could n't hold my breath much longer, and must go up. I clutched the stem of the thing with both hands; I braced my feet against the bottom; I gave a tremendous tug and push, and up I came to the top, sea-feather and all!

With both my hands full I could n't do much swimming, and the tide carried me astern of the boat before I knew it.

Rectus was the first to shout to me.

"Drop it, and strike out!" he yelled; but I did n't drop it. I took it in one hand and swam with the other. But the tide was strong and I did n't make any headway. Indeed, I floated further away from the boat.

Directly, I heard a splash, and in a moment afterward, it seemed, the two darkey divers were swimming up to me.

"Drop dat," said one of them, "an' we 'll take ye in."

"No I wont," I spluttered, still striking out with my legs and one arm. "Take hold of this, and we can all go in together."

I thought that if one of them would help me with the sea-feather, which seemed awfully heavy, two of us could certainly swim to the boat with four legs and two arms between us.

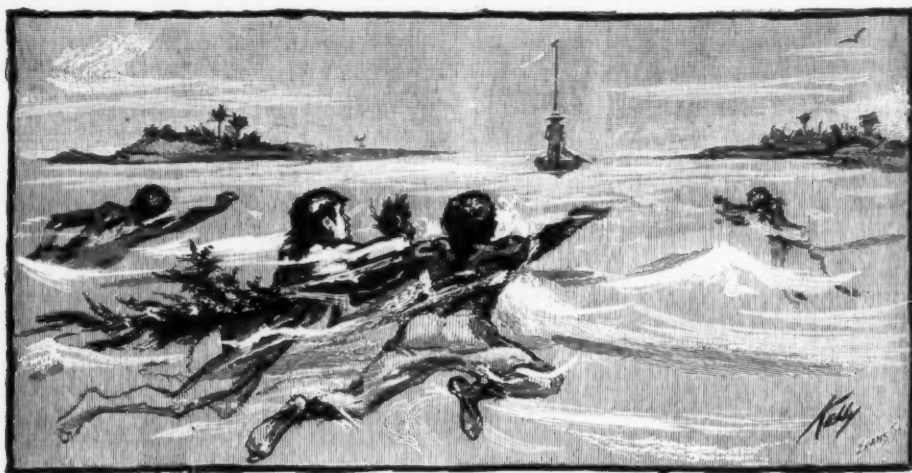
But neither of them would do it. They wanted me to drop my prize, and then they 'd take hold of me and take me in. We were disputing and puffing, and floating further and further away, when up came Captain Chris, swimming like a shark. He had jerked off his clothes and jumped in when he saw what was going on. He just put one hand under my right arm, in which I held the sea-

anchored near that tall feather, and all de vis'tors used to talk about it. I did n't think you 'd bring it up when I seed you grab it. But you must 'a' give a powerful heave to come up with all that stone."

"I don't think you ought to have tried to do that," said Rectus, who looked as if he had n't enjoyed himself. "I did n't know you were so obstinate."

"Well," said I, "the truth of the matter is that I am a fool, sometimes, and I might as well admit it. But now let 's see what we 've got on this stone."

There was a lot of curious things on the piece of rock which had come up with the sea-feather. There were small shells, of different shapes and colors, with the living creatures inside of them,



"WE STRUCK OUT TOGETHER FOR THE BOAT."

feather, and then we struck out together for the boat. It was like getting a tow from a tug-boat. We were alongside in no time. Captain Chris was the strongest and best swimmer I ever saw.

Rectus was leaning over, ready to help, and he caught me by the arm as I reached up for the side of the boat.

"No," said I, "take this," and he seized the sea-feather and pulled it in. Then the captain gave me a hoist, and I clambered on board.

The captain had some towels under the little forward deck, and I gave myself a good rub down and dressed. Then I went to look at my prize. No wonder it was heavy. It had a young rock, a foot long, fast to its root.

"You sp'iled one o' de puttiest things in that garden down there," said the captain. "I allus

and there were mosses, and sea-weed, and little sponges, and small sea-plants, tipped with red and yellow, and more things of the kind than I can remember. It was the handsomest and most interesting piece of coral-rock that I had seen yet.

As for the big purple sea-feather, it was a whopper, but too big for me to do anything with it. When we got home, Rectus showed it around to the Chippertons, and some of the people at the hotel, and told them that I dived down and brought it up, myself, but I could n't take it away with me, for it was much too long to go in my trunk. So I gave it next day to Captain Chris to sell, if he chose, but I believe he took it back and planted it again in the submarine garden, so that his passengers could see how tall a sea-feather could grow, when it tried. I chipped off a piece

of the rock, however, to carry home as a memento. I was told that the things growing on it—I picked off all the shells—would make the clothes in my trunk smell badly, but I thought I'd risk it.

"After all," said Rectus, that night, "what was the good of it? That little piece of stone don't amount to anything, and you might have been drowned."

"I don't think I could have been drowned," said I, "for I should have dropped the old thing, and floated, if I had felt myself giving out. But the good of it was this: It showed me what a disagreeable sort of place a sea-garden is, when you go down into it, to pick things."

"Which you wont do again, in a hurry, I reckon," said Rectus.

"You're right there, my boy," I answered.

The next day, the Chippertons and ourselves took a two-horse barouche, and rode to the "caves," some six or seven miles from the town. We had a long walk through the pine-apple fields before we came to the biggest cave, and found it was n't very much of a cave, after all, though there was a sort of a room, on one side, which looked like a church, with altar, pillars and arches. There was a little hole, on one side of this room about three feet wide, which led, our negro guide said, to a great cave, which ran along about a mile, until it reached the sea. There was no knowing what skeletons, and treasures, and old half-decayed boxes of coins, hidden by pirates, and swords with jewels in the handles, and loose jewels, and silver-plate, and other things we might have found in that cave, if we had only had a lantern or some candles to light us while we were wandering about in it. But we had no candles or lantern, and so did not become a pirate's heirs. It was Corny who was most anxious to go in. She had read about Blackbeard and the other pirates who used to live on this island, and she felt sure that some of their treasures were to be found in that cave. If she had thought of it, she would have brought a candle.

The only treasures we got were some long things, like thin ropes, which hung from the roof to the floor of the cave we were in. This cave was n't dark, because nearly all of one side of it was open. These ropes were roots or young trunks from banyan-trees, growing on the ground above, and which came through the cracks in the rocks, and stretched themselves down so as to root in the floor of the cave, and make a lot of underground trunks for the tree above. The banyan-tree is the most enterprising trunk-maker I ever heard of.

We pulled down a lot of these banyan-ropes, some of them more than twenty feet long, to take away as curiosities. Corny thought it would be

splendid to have a jumping-rope made of a banyan-root, or rather trunklet. The banyans here are called wild fig-trees, which they really are, wherever they grow. There is a big one, not far from the town, which stands by itself, and has a lot of trunks coming down from the branches. It would take the conceit out of a hurricane, I think, if it tried to blow down a banyan-tree.

The next day was Sunday, and our party went to a negro church to hear a preacher, who was quite celebrated as a colored orator. He preached a good sensible sermon, although he did n't meddle much with grammar. The people were poorly dressed, and some of the deacons were barefooted, but they were all very clean and neat, and they appeared to be just as religious as if they had all ridden in carriages to some Fifth Avenue church in New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAKE UP MR. CHIPPERTON.

ABOUT nine o'clock, on Monday morning, the "Tigris" came in. When we boarded her, which we did almost as soon as the stairs had been put down her side, we found that she would make a shorter stay than usual, and would go out that evening, at high tide. So there was no time to lose. After the letters had been delivered at the hotel and we had read ours, we sent our trunks on board and went around to finish up Nassau. We rowed over to Hog Island, opposite the town, to see, once more, the surf roll up against the high, jagged rocks; we ran down among the negro cottages and the negro cabins to get some fruit for the trip; and we rushed about to bid good-bye to some of our old friends—Poquadtilla among them. Corny went with us, this time. Every darkey knew we were going away, and it was amazing to see how many of them came to bid us good-bye, and ask for some coppers.

After supper we went on board the steamer, and about ten o'clock she cast loose, and as she slowly moved away, we heard the old familiar words:

"Give us a small dive, boss!"

They came from a crowd of darkey boys on the wharf. But although the moon was shining brightly, we did n't think they could see coppers on the bottom that night. They might have found a shilling or a half-dollar, but we did n't try them.

There were a couple of English officers on board, from the barracks, and we thought that they were going to take a trip to the United States; but the purser told us that they had no idea of doing that themselves, but were trying to prevent one of the "red-coats," as the common soldiers were generally called, from leaving the island. He

had been missed at the barracks, and it was supposed that he was stowed away somewhere on the vessel. The steamer had delayed starting for half an hour, so that search might be made for the deserter, but she could n't wait any longer if she wanted to get over the bar that night, and so the lieutenants, or sergeants, or whatever they were, had to go along and come back in the pilot-boat.

When we got outside we lay to, with the pilot-boat alongside of us, and the hold of the vessel was ransacked for the deserter. Corny openly declared that she hoped they would n't find him, and I'm sure I had a pretty strong feeling that way myself. But they did find him. He was pulled out from behind some barrels in a dark place in the hold and hurried up on deck. We saw him as he was forced over the side of the vessel and almost dropped into the pilot-boat, which was rising and falling on the waves by the side of the ship. Then the officers scrambled down the side and jumped into the boat. The line was cast off, the negro oarsmen began to pull away, and the poor red-coat took his doleful journey back to Nassau. He must have felt pretty badly about it. I have no doubt that when he hid himself down there in that dark hold, just before the vessel started, he thought he had made a pretty sure thing of it, and that it would not be long before he would be a free man, and could go where he pleased and do what he pleased in the wide United States. But the case was very different now. I suppose it was wrong, of course, for him to desert, and probably he was a mean sort of a fellow to do it; but we were all very sorry to see him taken away. Corny thought that he was very likely a good man who had been imposed upon, and that, therefore, it was right to try to run away. It was quite natural for a girl to think that.

The moment the pilot-boat left us, the "Tigris" started off in good earnest and went steaming along on her course. And it was not long before we started off, also in good earnest, for our berths. We were a tired set.

The trip back was not so pleasant as our other little voyage, when we were coming to the Bahamas. The next day was cloudy, and the sea was rough and choppy. The air was mild enough for us to be on deck, but there was a high wind which made it uncomfortable. Rectus thought he could keep on his wide straw hat, but he soon found out his mistake and had to get out his Scotch cap, which made him look like a very different fellow.

There were not very many passengers on board, as it was scarcely time for the majority of people to leave Nassau. They generally stay until April, I think. Besides our party of five, there were several gentlemen and ladies from the hotel; and as we

knew them all tolerably well, we had a much more sociable time than when we came over. Still, for my part, I should have preferred fair weather, bright skies, and plenty of nautilus and flying-fish.

The "yellow-legged" party remained at Nassau. I was a little sorry for this, too, as I liked the men pretty well, now that I knew them better. They certainly were good walkers.

Toward noon the wind began to blow harder and the waves ran very high. The "Tigris" rolled from side to side as if she would go over, and some of the ladies were a good deal frightened; but she always came up again, all right, no matter how far over she dipped, and so in time they got used to it. I proved to Mrs. Chipperton that it would be impossible for the vessel to upset, as the great weight of ballast, freight, machinery, etc., in the lower part of her would always bring her deck up again, even if she rolled entirely over on her side, which, sometimes, she seemed as if she was going to do, but she always changed her mind just as we thought the thing was going to happen. The first mate told me that the reason we rolled so was because we had been obliged to take in all sail, and that the mainsail had steadied the vessel very much before the wind got so high. This was all very well, but I did n't care much to know why the thing was. There are some people who think a thing's all right if they can only tell you the reason for it.

Before dark we had to go below, for the captain said he did n't want any of us to roll overboard, and, besides, the spray from the high waves made the deck very wet and unpleasant. None of us liked it below. There was no place to sit but in the long saloon, where the dining-tables were, and after supper we all sat there and read. Mr. Chipperton had a lot of novels, and we each took one. But it was n't much fun. I could n't get interested in my story,—at least, not in the beginning of it. I think that people who want to use up time when they are traveling ought to take what Rectus called a "begun novel" along with them. He had got on pretty well in his book while he was in Nassau, and so just took it up now and went right along.

The lamps swung so far backward and forward above the table that we thought they would certainly spill the oil over us in one of their wild pitches; the settees by the table slid under us as the ship rolled, so that there was no comfort, and any one who tried to walk from one place to another had to hang on to whatever he could get hold of, or be tumbled up against the tables or the wall. Some folks got sea-sick and went to bed, but we tried to stick it out as long as we could.

The storm grew worse and worse. Sometimes, a

big wave would strike the side of the steamer, just behind us, with a tremendous shock. The ladies were always sure she had "struck something" when this happened; but when they found it was

seemed to be steaming along almost on an even keel. She pitched somewhat forward and aft,—that is, her bow and her stern went up and down by turns,—but we did n't mind that, as it was so



GOOD-BYE TO NASSAU.

only water that she had struck, they were better satisfied. At last, things grew to be so bad that we thought we should have to go to bed and spend the night holding on to the handles at the back of our berths, when, all of a sudden, there was a great change. The rolling stopped, and the vessel

very much better than the wild rolling that had been kept up so long.

"I wonder what this means?" said Mr. Chipper-ton, actually standing up without holding on to anything. "Can they have got into a current of smooth water?"

I did n't think this was possible, but I did n't stop to make any conjectures about it. Rectus and I ran up on the forward deck to see how this agreeable change had come about. The moment we got outside we found the wind blowing fearfully and the waves dashing as high as ever, but they were not plunging against our sides. We carefully worked our way along to the pilot-house and looked in. The captain was inside, and when he saw us he opened the door and came out. He was

better. He put all this in a good deal of sea-language, but I tell it as I got the sense of it.

"Did you think she would go over, captain?" asked Rectus.

"Oh no!" said he, "but something might have been carried away."

He was a very pleasant man and talked a good deal to us.

"It's all very well to lie to, this way," he went on, "for the comfort and safety of the passengers



"THE SHIP WAS ON FIRE!"

going to his own room, just back of the pilot-house, and he told us to come with him.

He looked tired and wet, and he told us that the storm had grown so bad that he did n't think it would be right to keep on our course any longer. We were going to the north-west, and the storm was coming from the north-east, and the waves and the wind dashed fair against the side of the vessel, making her roll and careen so that it began to be unsafe. So he had put her around with her head to the wind, and now she took the storm on her bow, where she could stand it a great deal

and the ship, but I don't like it, for we're not keeping on to our port, which is what I want to be doing."

"Are we stopping here?" I asked.

"Pretty much," said the captain. "All that the engines are working for, is just to keep her head to the wind."

I felt the greatest respect for the captain. Instead of telling us why the ship rolled, he just stopped her rolling. I liked that way of doing things. And I was sure that every one on board that I had talked to would be glad to have the

vessel lie to, and make herself comfortable until the storm was over.

We did not stay very long with the captain, for he wanted to take a nap, and when we went out, we stood a little while by the railing to see the storm. The wind nearly took our heads off, and the waves dashed right up over the bow of the ship so that if any one had been out there, I suppose they would have been soaked in a few minutes, if not knocked down. But we saw two men at the wheel, in the pilot-house, steadily holding her head to the wind, and we felt that it was all right. So we ran below and reported, and then we all went to bed.

Although there was not much of the rolling that had been so unpleasant before, the vessel pitched and tossed enough to make our berths, especially mine, which was the upper one, rather shaky places to rest in; and I did not sleep very soundly. Sometime in the night, I was awakened by a sound of heavy and rapid footfalls on the deck above my head. I lay and listened for a moment, and felt glad that the deck was steady enough for them to walk on. There soon seemed to be a good deal more running, and as they began to drag things about, I thought that it would be a good idea to get up and find out what was going on. If it was anything extraordinary, I wanted to see it. Of course, I woke up Rectus, and we put on our clothes. There was now a good deal of noise on deck.

"Perhaps we have run into some vessel and sunk her," said Rectus, opening the door, with his coat over his arm. He was in an awful hurry to see.

"Hold up here!" I said. "Don't you go on deck in this storm without an overcoat. If there has been a collision you can't do any good, and you need n't hurry so. Button up warm."

We both did that, and then we went up on deck. There was no one aft, just then, but we could see in the moonlight, which was pretty strong, although the sky was cloudy, that there was quite a crowd of men forward. We made our way in that direction as fast as we could, in the face of the wind, and when we reached the deck, just in front of the pilot-house, we looked down to the big hatchway where the freight and baggage were lowered down into the hold, and there we saw what was the matter.

The ship was on fire!

The hatchway was not open, but smoke was coming up thick and fast all around it. A half-dozen men were around a donkey-engine that stood a little forward of the hatch, and others were pulling at hose. The captain was rushing here and there giving orders. I did not hear anything he said.

No one said anything to us. Rectus asked one of the men something as he ran past him, but the man did not stop to answer.

But there was no need to ask any questions.



"KEEP PERFECTLY COOL," SAID MR. CHIPPERTON."

There was the smoke coming up, thicker and blacker, from the edges of the hatch.

"Come!" said I, clutching Rectus by the arm.

"Let's wake them up."

"Don't you think they can put it out?" he asked as we ran back.

"Can't tell," I answered. "But we must get ready,—that's what we've got to do."

I am sure I did not know how we were to get ready, or what we were to do, but my main idea was that no time was to be lost in doing something. The first thing was to awaken our friends.

We found the steward in the saloon. There was only one lamp burning there, and the place looked dismal, but there was light enough to see that he was very pale.

"Don't you intend to wake up the people?" I said to him.

"What's the good?" he said. "They'll put it out."

"They may, and they may n't," I answered, "and it won't hurt the passengers to be awake."

With this I hurried to the Chippertons' state-room—they had a double room in the center of the vessel—and knocked loudly on the door. I saw the steward going to other doors, knocking at some and opening others and speaking to the people inside.

Mr. Chipperton jumped right up and opened the door. When he saw Rectus and me standing there, he must have seen in our faces that something was the matter, for he instantly asked:

"What is it? A wreck?"

I told him of the fire, and said that it might not be much, but that we thought we'd better waken him.

"That's right!" he said; "we'll be with you directly. Keep perfectly cool. Remain just where you are. You'll see us all in five minutes," and he shut the door.

But I did not intend to stand there. A good many men were already rushing from their rooms and hurrying up the steep stairs that led from the rear of the saloon to the deck, and I could hear ladies calling out from their rooms as if they were hurrying to get ready to come out. The stewardess, a tall colored woman, was just going to one of these ladies, who had her head out of the door. I told Rectus to run up on deck, see how things were going on, and then to come back to the Chippertons' door. Then I ran to our room, jerked the cork life-preservers from under the pillows and

came out into the saloon with them. This seemed to frighten several persons who saw me as I came from our room, and they rushed back for their life-preservers, generally getting into the wrong room, I think. I did not want to help to make a fuss and confusion, but I thought it would be a good deal better for us to get the life-preservers now than to wait. If we did n't need them no harm would be done. Some one had turned up several of the lamps in the saloon so that we could see better. But no one stopped to look much. Everybody, ladies and all—there were not many of these—hurried on deck. The Chippertons were the last to make their appearance. Just as their door opened Rectus ran up to me.

"It's worse than ever!" he said.

"Here!" said I, "take this life-preserver! Have you life-preservers in your room?" I asked, quickly of Mr. Chipperton.

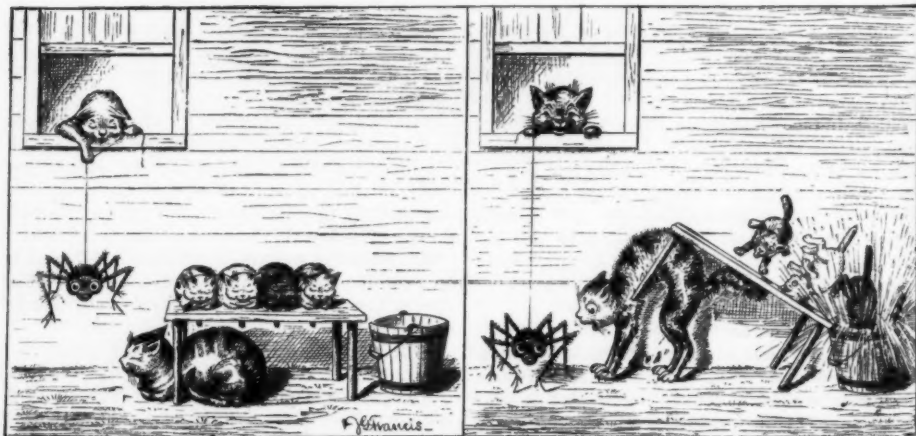
"All right," said he, "we have them on. Keep all together and come on deck,—and remember to be perfectly cool."

He went ahead with Mrs. Chipperton, and Rectus and I followed, one on each side of Corny. Neither she nor her mother had yet spoken to us; but while we were going up the stairs, Corny turned to me, as I came up behind her, and said:

"Is it a real fire?"

"Oh yes," I answered; "but they may put it out."

(To be continued.)



SOME FUN WITH A TOY SPIDER.

A TALK ABOUT ROYAL CHILDREN.

By E. B. T.

ALL the old kings and queens mentioned in your history-lessons were children once, you know. Well, it is about their childish days that I intend to tell you; and not only about the kings and queens themselves, but also about some little princes and princesses who never ascended the throne, but who played around its steps.

Let us begin with England, for I know you would like to hear about children who spoke the same language as ourselves. If you are ever in Westminster Abbey, London, near the chapel of Edward the Confessor, you will see a little tomb marked:

"CATHERINE,
BELOVED DAUGHTER OF HENRY III. AND HIS
QUEEN ELEANOR."

She was both deaf and dumb, yet it is said that she was so gentle and affectionate that the king, her father, grieved sorely when, at the early age of three years, a lingering sickness carried her to the tomb; and we read in the ancient records that the king caused a silver image of his beloved little daughter to be made, doubtless to have always before his eyes, at least a semblance of that precious gift which had been taken away.

Long before this, in the twelfth century, William, the son of Henry I. of England,—a troublesome boy if the hints of history are to be believed,—had married a little girl of twelve summers,—a foolish young couple, we may be sure, for the groom was only seventeen. He did not live long; for a few years afterward he and a hundred and forty young men were drowned off the French coast near Harfleur. History does not say that he was mourned by the English people, but a very old picture shows us King Henry bewailing his loss in a very pitiful manner. It is said, indeed, that the stricken father never was seen to smile again.

Edward I. had two lovely children, John and Henry, whom he was compelled to leave behind him in England on going with his wife, the devoted Eleanora of Castile, to join the Crusade in 1269. When the princess was urged to remain with her children, she replied in words that deserve to be remembered:

"Nothing ought to part those whom God has joined, and the way to heaven is as short from Syria as from England, or my native Spain."

When Edward and Eleanora, on their return from Syria, arrived at Sicily, the first tidings that greeted them were that Prince John, their heir, and a child

whose talents were unequalled for his years, was dead. Scarcely had the bereaved parents recovered from this shock, when a messenger announced the death of their second son, Prince Henry; and a third messenger brought at the same time the news of the death of the aged King, Henry III.

On hearing of the death of his father, Edward gave way to a torrent of grief far surpassing that which he had shown for his sons; and on the astonished courtiers asking him how it was that he bore the loss of both his sons with such calm resignation, and abandoned himself to grief at the death of an aged man, Edward answered:

"The loss of infants may be repaired by the same God who gave them; but when a man has lost a good father, it is not in the course of nature for God to send him another."

The celebrated hero, Edward, the Black Prince, was such a lovely infant that the portrait of Queen Philippa, his mother, and her princely boy, were often painted to represent the Virgin and Child.

The story of the beautiful little Isabella of Valois, who became the mistress of a royal home at the age of eight, is beautifully told in a recent number of this magazine. So I need not repeat it here, but will only add that the child, though of queenly bearing for so young a creature, played with her dolls, and in many ways enjoyed herself as a child should, after she was really Queen of England!

When Henry V. heard of the birth of his son, the unfortunate Henry VI., he eagerly demanded where the boy was born, and, having been answered, "At Windsor," he made, with a sad countenance the following prophecy:

"I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
Shall small time reign and much get;
But Henry of Windsor long shall reign, and lose all of it,
But as God will, so be it."

And the prophecy came to pass; for Henry VI. seemed to be unhappy and unfortunate even in his babyhood. He held his first parliament in London at the tender age of eight months. In order to reach the parliament in proper season, he was obliged to journey from Windsor to London on a Sunday; but upon being carried toward his mother's carriage, he shrieked, he cried, he sprang, and would be carried no farther; "wherefore, they bore him again to the inn at Staines, and there he abode the Sunday all day." Evidently, the infant monarch did not approve of traveling on that par-

ticular Sunday. The famous Earl of Warwick was the baby-king's guardian. When the parliament was opened he held him in his arms, and the royal infant, gently placing one of his tiny hands upon the scepter, did not seem to know whether that emblem of sovereignty was meant to be treated with respect or as a plaything.

Doubtless, you all are acquainted with the sad story of the "Princes in the Tower"; but if you are not, look in the *ST. NICHOLAS* for January, 1874, and you will be able not only to read their history much better than I can tell it to you, but you can also see the engraving of the beautiful picture by Delaroche in which the two boys are shown, prisoners in the dreadful Tower.

The learned Erasmus visited the children of Henry VII. at their palace of Shene or Richmond, and gave the following description of them:

"Thomas More paid me a visit when I was Mountjoy's guest, and took me for recreation a walk to a neighboring country palace, where the royal children were abiding, Prince Arthur excepted, who had finished his education. The princely children were assembled in the hall. In the midst stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old; he bore in his countenance a look of high rank, and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. By his right hand stood the Princess Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterward Queen of Scotland. At the other side was the Princess



KING HENRY I. BEWAILING HIS SON.
(FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

Mary, a little one of four years, engaged in her sports, whilst Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." The Princess Margaret united the crowns of England and Scotland in the person of her great-grandson, James I. of England. The boy Henry, of whom such a pleasing picture is given, afterward became the tyrant Henry VIII.

Did you ever think of the great Queen Elizabeth as a little girl? Poor little child! she did not lead a happy life; for her father did not love her, and she never knew a mother's care. You may imagine how ill she was used when I tell you that her governess was obliged to beg for clothing for her. When she was four years old she assisted at the christening of her infant brother, afterward Edward VI., and on his second birthday she presented him with a cambric shirt of her own making.

There was another princess, named Elizabeth, whose years were few but full of sorrow. She was a daughter of King Charles I. of England, and, after his decapitation, was shut up with her little brother in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight.

The princess was exceedingly beautiful, and seldom was a child seen with such grace and dignity. In her mind she resembled her grandfather, Henry IV. of France, and her intelligence was a subject of astonishment to her father, who often consulted her. The royal children's rooms at Carisbrooke were gloomy and dreary, but they found kind hearts in the custodian of the castle and his good wife.

As though to make the scene of their imprisonment still more sad, the first night of their arrival a sentinel called to the princess as she looked out, and unfeelingly told her that the little Gothic window which she saw opposite to her was where her father had tried to escape, but was prevented by its smallness. This brought a flood of tears from the little princess, who seemed inconsolable for the fate of her father. The next day, the children went to the little Gothic window, and there they interlaced their hands between the bars and stood for a long time thinking of their father.

The princess begged that the door of the room where her father had been confined might be opened. Its walls brought new tears, and sad memories of the humiliation which the king had endured. By the help of her brother, the princess turned her father's room into an oratory, and placed her precious Bible there. In summer, they brought flowers to decorate the place.

One quiet evening, they heard some sailors at sea singing, as was their habit, "God save the king!"

"Listen," said the princess, "there are still some who love our father;" and, happy for one moment, she embraced her brother.

As they were taking their usual walk upon the ramparts one morning, a wedding procession passed; the young girls were dancing, and had bouquets in their hands; but when they saw the royal children they stopped and threw them their flowers, out of respect and kind feeling. The princess in gratitude leaned down, and, loosening

a little cross from her neck, dropped it into the hand of the bride.

Another time, a funeral procession passed by, and the princess, seeing them weeping, said :

me; my death is glorious; I die for the laws, and religion.' He assured me he pardoned all his enemies, and wished us also to pardon them. He sent many messages to my mother that his love for



MONUMENT TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

"Oh do not weep; to rest in God is only happiness."

She grew weaker and weaker every day, but as long as she was able she taught her little brother each day out of her Bible and some old Latin books which had been given to her. One Sunday morning, the 8th September, 1650, as the warden's wife entered the room, according to custom, with a bowl of milk for the princess, she found her, as she supposed, sleeping, but it proved to be the sleep of death. She lay there white and calm, with her head leaning on her dearly beloved Bible. From her hand had fallen a paper containing an account of her last interview with her father. The paper was headed with these words :

"That which the king said to me the last time I had the happiness of seeing him"—that was on the night before his execution.

After describing the reception of herself and brother, she wrote :

"The king said : 'But perhaps, my darling, you will forget that which I am going to tell you.' And with that he shed abundant tears. I assured him I would write all his words.

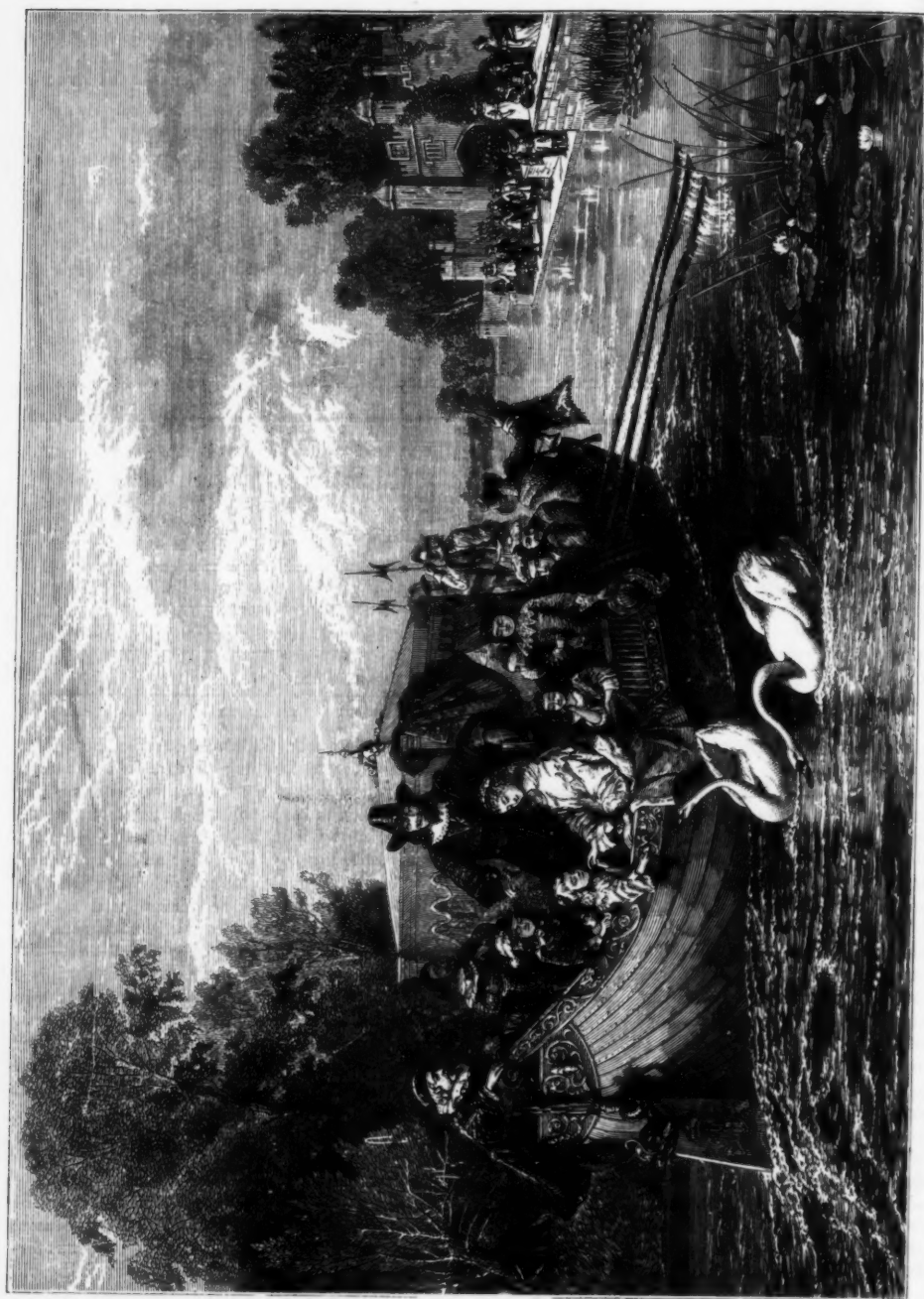
"My child," said he, 'you must not grieve for

her would always be the same. Again, he told us we must not weep for him; that he died a martyr, in full assurance that the throne would some day be given back to his sons, and that then he would be more happy than if he had lived. He then took my little brother Gloucester on his knees and said to him : 'Listen to me, my dear boy; they are going to cut off your father's head, and may be they may wish afterward to make you king, but do not forget that which I am going to tell you,—*not to let them make you king.*' The child sighed deeply and replied that he would rather be torn in pieces, which answer greatly pleased the king."

Here the story of the farewell broke off, for death had stopped the hand of the young princess. The body was put in a leaden coffin with this inscription :

"ELIZABETH,
SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LAST KING CHARLES,
DIED 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1650,"

and placed in the church of St. Thomas, near the altar. The initials "E. S." (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the place, which for a long time was forgotten. Queen Victoria recently ordered the old church to be torn down, and Prince Albert laid the



CHARLES I. AND HIS FAMILY IN THE ROYAL BARGE.

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corner-stone of a new one in which the remains of the little princess were deposited and where a monument was set up to her memory. This monument represents her as she lay in the sleep of death, and was furnished by the queen herself.

The little Duke of Gloucester, after the death of his sister, refused all nourishment; and Cromwell, fearing he would die in prison, set him at liberty. He rejoined his mother in France, but everywhere the sad memories of his father and sister haunted him, and even the joys of the restoration of his brother to the English throne did not soothe his grief. He became more and more mournful, and died at the age of twenty in the palace of White-

hall. I wish I had space to tell you of the noble and generous Henry, Prince of Wales; of Charles I., fondly called by his parents "Babie Charles;" of his girl-wife Henrietta Maria, spoken of in the story, "A Greyhound's Warning," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877; of the little Duchess of Burgundy, who married a grandson of Louis XIV. of France when she was only thirteen years old and could neither read nor write, and of a host of other royal children; but as I have not, I hope that you, dear readers, have derived some pleasure from hearing a little about boys and girls who, though they were princes and princesses, were not very different from other children after all.

COMPANY TO SUPPER.

BY FRANCES LEE.

THERE was not a living being in the house but Delia, Lottie and me, excepting the cat who was snoozing away by the kitchen stove.

The rest had all gone to Falltown to some kind of a meeting. There was always something going on somewhere for the grown folks, and I suppose there was never a child in the world who hated to be left alone worse than I did. So this time they let me have Delia and Lottie come to stay with me.

We were upstairs braiding palm-leaf hats,—girls were brought up to work in that town,—when suddenly the front-door-bell rang.

Now, the front-door-bell was not rung more than once in three months, and it was so rough and rusty it would only tinkle. Almost everybody came through the side yard to the double-leaved doors that always stood open into the little square south entry with the sun shining in.

So, if the bell rang, it could n't be one of the neighbors. It must be a good deal of a stranger, and I was as afraid of strangers as I was of dogs.

"Let 's pretend we did n't hear it," said Delia.

"Seems as if I heard something, but may be it was the cat knocking down a milk-pan," said I.

But it was of no use. There came another tinkle, as though a sheep with a bell around his neck had bitten off a mouthful of tough grass.

"I thought I heard a wagon stop a long time ago," said Lottie. "Yes, there is one tied out there," she added, skirmishing to the upper hall window. "You will have to go, Totty."

"No, you need n't. Pretend we were braiding

so fast we could n't hear a thing," said Delia, who would go out of her way to tell a story, any time.

"Oh, I'll *have* to go! I don't dare to not," said I, casting aside my braiding in despair.

Then I pattered down the short mahogany-stained flight of stairs, the bell ringing for the third time, and tugged away at the great door-key.

How it did hate to turn in the rusted lock! And when it turned at last with a complaining shriek, how the brass door-knob refused to move! Then a strong hand from outside took hold, the bolts gave way, the door flew open in a twinkling, and there stood two men. One was a very tall man, and one was a middling-sized man, and they had whiskers and hats and linen coats.

"Good afternoon," said they, making bows. "Is nobody at home but you?"

"No, ma'am; no, sir; the folks are all gone to Falltown," said I, hoping with all my might they would keep right on to Falltown, too. But then my sense of hospitality set in, and I added: "They'll be coming home soon. Will you walk in?"

"Thank you," said the middling-sized man. "May we put our horses in the barn first?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes, sir," said I, glad to be rid of them for so long. Then I ran upstairs to the girls.

"They are going to stay; they are putting up their horses. I guess they've come to see Amy. She has a great many gentlemen friends," said I, proudly; minded to pick up what crumbs of comfort I could.

"Then I shall go right straight home," said Delia, tying up her straws. "And, Lottie, you've got to go with me, because you are my company."

"O, don't go!" I cried, in an agony of bashful terror at the thought of being left to face the strangers alone.

"Will you give me your beads if I stay?" demanded Delia.

My beads were six in number, made of white glass with square sides. They were strung on a red thread, and, when they were not a finger-ring, I kept them in an isinglass box along with the only tooth I had yet shed, a Sabbath-school card marked "five mills," a piece of blue clay, the head of a doll, and a horse-chestnut. It went to my heart to lose these beads, but anything was better than losing the girls, so I was just going to say that Delia could have them, when Lottie spoke up.

"Are n't you ashamed, Delia, to try to get away Totty's beads?" said she. "I'll stay with you, Totty, till the folks come, any way."

I looked at her gratefully.

"Do you want a bite of my liquorice?" said I, plunging to the bottom of my pocket and bringing up a small piece wrapped in a bit of newspaper.

"I don't care," said she, holding out her hand. "Where shall I bite to?"

"Bite to there," said I, marking off a space with my finger-nail. "And Delia may have a taste, too," I continued, willing to heap a few coals of fire on her head. But Delia was not very sensitive, and, accordingly, she helped herself to a generous mouthful, and did n't seem to feel scorched a bit.

"Let's go down-stairs and be there when they come in from untackling," said she, just as though she had n't thought of going home.

"Well," said I, bundling up my hat and straws.

So, when the tall man and the middling-sized man came in, there we sat in a row on the high, red, wooden chairs, with our feet dangling, and each with a half-braided hat in her hands. The gentlemen paused a moment, as though a little surprised at such an appearance, and as though they expected some sort of introduction or salutation. A faint impression floated over my mind at the same time that something of the kind would be proper. But what could I do? Was I to say: "This is Lottie, and this is Delia?" or "Miss Pitt and Miss Lutton?" And if I knew what to call the girls, I was not sure about the gentlemen's names. One I knew to be a Mr. Bowers, an old school friend of my sister, and the other might be—I was not certain—a Mr. Linden, whom I had seen once.

So as I did not know exactly what to do, I did nothing, which was perhaps the best way, but sat and braided and felt ashamed; and the young men looked over the books on the baize-covered

side-table and tried to talk with us. Finally they took pity on us as well as on themselves, and went out for a walk up Deer Hill, and then Delia made up her mind she would go home, any way.

"Come, Lottie," said she with authority; "you are my company."

"Oh! Lottie said she would stay till the folks come," I cried. "Delia, you shall have my beads and all my piece of liquorice if you'll let her stay."

"Of course I'm not going to go and leave you alone, Totty. I said I would n't. Delia can go if she wants to," said Lottie, heartily. I feel grateful to her now for it.

So Delia went off "mad." But as for that, she usually went away in that condition.

After that, Lottie and I sat in the double doorway watching the shadows of the elm-tree creep over the yard, and the swallows flashing up and down, and the clouds changing to crimson and gold as the sun sank lower and lower toward the purple hills,—watching and listening.

"There they are!" I cried joyfully at last, at the sound of carriage wheels on the long hill.

It came slow and faint for a while, then quickened into a fast rattle at the bottom of the hill. Then we heard the rumble of wheels and sharp strike of heels on the little wooden bridge. Then the sounds died away.

"Coming up the short hill. They'll be here in just two minutes," said I.

And sure enough in a minute we heard the wheels nearer and sharper, and in another minute Uncle Lacy's pudding-and-milk horse and round-topped chaise trotted by.

"Oh! Pa will come next," said I.

But no! Next came a pair of ink-black horses, driven rapidly by an elegantly dressed gentleman.

"That is Squire Palmer. He lives in Squakeag, and he always wears gloves," said I. "Pa'll be the next one. Hark! I hear him now."

But I was mistaken, for then came Deacon Davis and his wife, riding behind a bony horse in a high green wagon, and looking like two bags of meal.

Then some travelers drove along. A man and a woman, with two little children sitting on stools in front, and two more behind on two more stools. They looked like pins on a pin-cushion, they were stuck in so thick.

After that was Captain Ingraham, chucking the reins and saying "Cadep!" to his old sorrel horse. He was going the other way, though.

At last, when it seemed as though everybody in town had gone by, we heard another welcome rattle and clatter.

"That is our folks! It must be! There is nobody left," I said, with a great sense of relief. But it was n't; and it was n't anybody. Or if it

was, he stopped at one of the three houses between us and the top of the hill.

The young men had come in long before. I heard them trying to amuse themselves by declamations and discussions; and now the stars had begun to flicker out one by one, and the bats to fly through the soft summer twilight. So I lighted one of the candles in the best brass candlestick, and carried it into the sitting-room.

"I guess they'll be in before long," said I, in bashful apology.

"I should think they had been long now," retorted the tall man.

I smiled a grim little smile, and went out feeling as though I had committed one of the seven deadly sins against the grammar and dictionary.

"Two wagons more have come down the hill and not gone by. They are ghost wagons," called Lottie from the door-step.

"O Lottie! You don't think anything has happened, do you?" I cried.

"No, there could n't," said she, confidently.

"And if there had, somebody would come and tell us. It was about as dark as this, though, that time Deacon Davis's horse got scared at Captain Ingraham's bars, and turned around so sharp he broke the thill right smack off," she continued.

"I know it," I answered, looking wistfully at the lights twinkling out here and there in the houses where there was a mother at home.

"You remember how Deacon Davis got tipped over that other time, coming down Mr. Potter's hill, don't you?" continued Lottie. "Uncle Lacy was going by him,—Pa says it is dreadful careless to go by going down hill,—and so Deacon Davis turned out and the rein got caught, and when he tried to turn the old horse back she did n't go back, but kept turning out and turning out till the wagon tipped over, and broke Mrs. Deacon Davis's arm. Aunt Patty went over and got supper, and washed up the dishes, and she said the knives were just as black as anybody's, for all Mrs. Davis is such an awfully particular woman."

"Lottie," said I, dismally, "do you suppose my mother's arm is broken and our wagon is tipped over?"

"Why, no! Your horse is n't skittery, is he? Perhaps your folks have gone somewhere to stay all night."

"Then I'd ought to get supper for the company," said I, feeling as though the weight of the whole universe was pressing down upon me.

"Well, I'll help you," said Lottie, cheerfully.

Oh yes! I could be cheerful if it was her house and her company and I was helping her. Though I always did despise setting tables. It is just the same thing right over and over, and you know all

the time that it is n't going to stay. But it had to be done. So I spread the cloth.

It was n't clean—the table-cloth was n't; but I thought I could cover the marks of Sebastian's gravy and the molasses I dropped on it at breakfast, with the plates. There was some cold tea in the tea-pot, and, while Lottie put it on the stove to heat, I rummaged in the safe for the supper.

"I almost know Ma would have honey if she was here," said I, coming out with a bowl of cider-apple-sauce, "and white bread, like enough."

"Yes," said Lottie; "my mother always does for company. They will expect it, I guess. But you don't know where your Ma keeps it, do you?"

"No, not exactly; perhaps I could find it; but she said the supper was all in the safe," said I, conscientiously, bringing out a plate of rye bread and half of a currant pie. "I guess it is ready now, and I s'pose I've got to call them, but I'd pretty near rather go up Deer Hill in the dark all alone," I continued, after running out and in, and up and down, a dozen times.

So I went to the sitting-room door and said, faintly, "Supper's ready." Then it occurred to me that, probably, Amy would have said, "Will you walk out to tea?" and I wished I could drop through the floor into the potato-cellar.

But they walked out just as readily as though I had asked them to. And then what was I to do? I had hardly ever eaten a meal in my life until somebody had asked a blessing; and, in my uncertainty as to what it would be proper to say, I just looked wishfully at Mr. Bowers, who was studying to be a minister, and he went on with it just as though I had spoken.

So it was all right so far, and I began to pour the tea. But where were the tea-spoons? And when I had slipped from my chair and brought them, behold, the sugar-bowl had been forgotten!

The company did n't seem to care, though, and appeared to relish the rye bread and half a currant pie, too. I suppose they were pretty hungry, for it seemed they had n't had any dinner. So they ate and ate; and before they had finished eating, there was a sound of wheels and hoofs, and my father said, "Whoa!" right at the very door, without our having heard them coming at all.

They came in—my sisters and mother and father—all in a burst out of the darkness, filling the house with hospitality and cheer. They had been to Deacon Wright's to tea. They said they told me they should go there, but I don't believe to this day that they ever said a word about it.

My sisters were, of course, very much mortified at everything I had done and at everything I had n't done: they always were.

"Totty, why *did* n't you ask them into the par-

lor instead of the sitting-room?" they said; "and why *did n't* you do this?" "And why *did* you do that?" I even felt, at last, that somehow I was to blame for their staying to Deacon Wright's to tea. Why, bless them, I did n't want them to stay.

But the worst of it was Delia's stories. The girls all knew she would tell them, and so did her mother. People will, though, get a little stain of prejudice from a story-teller, especially as such folks are apt to catch at a person's weak side, and start by taking a few grains of truth.

"Totty did n't know a thing what to do," said she. "I and Lottie did it all. Totty teased me and teased me to stay, so I did, and I had to get the supper; make the biscuits and all. I had to

visit with the company, too,—I and Lottie; we sang for them pieces they picked out for us in the music-book,—hard pieces. We sang duets when there was duets for two, and when there was a duet for one I sang that alone."

Lottie said she should n't care. Nobody would believe a word Delia said. But Delia's mother did, I know; for she told Aunt Patty afterward that Totty was a good girl enough at her books, but she did n't know how to take hold of work, and she would never set the river on fire. Aunt Patty told me of it one day when she thought I needed putting down.

And perhaps Delia's mother was right; for, sure enough, I never have set any river on fire.

BLOSSOM-BOY OF TOKIO.

BY WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.



"HAPPY OLD GRANDMA."

THE flowers were just coming into bloom when a Japanese family in Tokio was made very happy, one May morning, eleven years ago. Their house stood on the slope of a hill within sight of the flukes of the tail of the great bronze fish on top of the castle towers. Mr. Ishido, papa and proprietor, was unusually happy.

Neighbors were calling every few minutes to congratulate him, and if you had noticed, you would have seen that each little girl or lady carried a present carefully tied up with a pretty kind of cord made of red and white paper.

What did all this mean? Simply this: that Ishido

San (Mr. Stone-lamp) was rejoicing in a son.

The female neighbors had come to congratulate Mrs. Ishido, and bring the baby a present. A rich friend of Mrs. Ishido had actually sent a silk robe embroidered with the pine-tree, stork, and tortoise, the emblems of long life; by which the giver meant to express the hope that baby would live to be an old man.

"I wonder what they will name him," said one old lady to another.

"Oh, that 's settled," said the other. "All the peach and cherry trees are in blossom. So he shall be named after the spring and blossoms, Harukichi" (the Blossom-boy).

So, when Blossom-boy was thirty days old, he was dressed in his new robes, and taken to the temple to receive his name.

Mother and father, aunts and cousins, with the nurse-maid, made up a gay procession.

Even happy old grandma, who had to take her walking-stick with her, was tempted out by the fine weather. Oba San, as they called her, had wrinkles on her forehead, but none in her heart. She loved to smile, and though much bent in her back, was very happy over her new grandchild.



"ON HIS NURSE'S BACK."

Although it was June, and not winter, yet the snow-showers fell, but not from the skies. The falling white petals of the cherry-blossoms filled the air and strewed the ground. At the temple, the smooth-pated old



"LITTLE PLUM-TREE."

priest, after asking grandma what the child should be called, and receiving her answer, announced the name "Harukichi."

This was engraved on a small brass plate, with the name of his father and mother, and the number of the house and name of the street in which they lived.

The brass plate was carefully slipped into a pretty bag made of red cloth, and hung to his belt, which he was to wear while a baby, and until he became a big boy. Should he

get lost, any one, by opening the bag and reading the plate, could return him to his parents.

Harukichi never lived or slept in a cradle. They don't have such a thing in Japan; but he was carried on his nurse's back, or on his mother's or sister's. Even quite small children carry on their backs their baby brothers and sisters, who are tucked in under the outside coats; and a stranger

stick him! His robe was one thin loose garment in summer. In winter, he put on several padded and soft coats, like wrappers. All his clothing was fastened on with a belt round the waist. His socks were funny little bags, or mittens, made of thick muslin. The big toe (which Harukichi called his "foot-thumb") had a little place by itself, just like the finger of a glove. His shoes were made of

straw. They were flat sandals bound on by a strap, or bit of rice-twine, over his instep. Every one in Japan takes off his shoes and leaves them outside, on the door-step, when he enters the house.

Inside, the floors are covered with matting two inches thick. The doors and partitions slide in grooves, and do not hang on hinges. All the windows are of paper. In the yard at the side of Harukichi's house were many curious flowers, and a pond full of gold-fish two feet long. Harukichi used to feed these gold and silver carp with cracknels made of rice-flour.

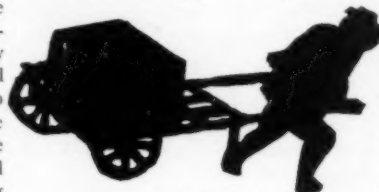
It was a great day in Blossom-boy's life when his father came-home one evening and said to him:

"To-morrow is a *matsuri* (holiday), and I am going to take you walking with me along the *O Dori* to see the sights. Then we shall take a row down the river, and see the "fire-flowers" (fire-works).

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Harukichi, and that night he dreamed of the stars blossoming on the earth, and the sky blooming with flowers.



"A GENTLEMAN FANNING HIMSELF."



"A BOX OF TEA."



"THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE."

is apt at first to think there are a great many two-headed children. They look so at a distance.

Blossom-boy soon learned to slip down off nurse's back, and run around at play. He was a chubby little fellow, as round as a dumpling, and looked enough like a Japanese doll to be its cousin. His head was shaved just like a doll's, with "bangs," and rings, and locks, with a tiny cue or top-knot. Japanese dolls are painted blue on the head to show the shaved places. His skin was as soft as a peach, and of a color like *café-au-lait*. His eyes were black and snappy. His cheeks were as rosy as a plum-blossom.

His clothes were just made to play in. Not a button or strap anywhere about them, nor a pin to



"THE ONE-HORSE SHAY."

It was a warm day, and, as they went out of the house, they met a gentleman fanning himself. He used an *ogi* (a fan which opens and shuts), as

Japanese gentlemen usually do, for the Japanese ladies use the *uchiwa* (the flat fan).

Next they passed a young girl named Little Plum-tree, who was carrying a box of boiled rice and fish to her father for his lunch. Mr. Ishido knew them both, so he stopped a moment and bowed, saying, "*Ohio!*" (You are early, or good morning!)

Everything Blossom-boy saw interested him, and he put many questions to his father.

"O Totsu San, what is that man drawing on the little cart?" said he.

"That is a box of tea; he is carrying it to be fired," said O Totsu (papa).

"What does that mean, father?"

"Well," said O Totsu, "the tea is now packed only in a thin box pasted over with paper. He has sold it to a merchant who lives in a country very far off, on the other side of the Sea of Great Peace (Pacific Ocean). In order to keep the tea from spoiling it must be fired, or heated hot, in an iron pan. Then it must be re-packed in sheet-lead and the box covered with matting, and the name of the steamship pasted on it."

Next they met an old man with bent back, leaning on a staff, with all the hair gone from his head. His wife, like himself, was "lobster-backed" (as the

puff at the lower part of the back of the head like the head-dress of unmarried women.

"*Abunai! abunai!*" (Look out! look out!) shouted a big strong man as he rushed forward, pulling a little carriage in which sat a woman. The "one-horse shay," which was a one-man *sha*, was run not by steam power, nor by horse power, but by man power.

"*Jin-riki-sha! jin-riki-sha!*" cried Harukichi, as it dashed by. The man was inside the shafts, and being strong-legged and having good lungs, he went as fast as a horse; running easily four miles in an hour and without stopping.

As they passed through the streets of Tokio they saw hundreds of these little carriages, and men waiting near them for a job. The price of a ride was two *tempos* (two cents) a mile.

O Totsu and Harukichi had now turned into that part of the main street named Ginza (Silver Mint), so called because a long time ago there was a mint in it, where they stamped the flat silver coins as square as a brick, called *bu*, *ichi bu ni bu*, etc. Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, is always lively, and



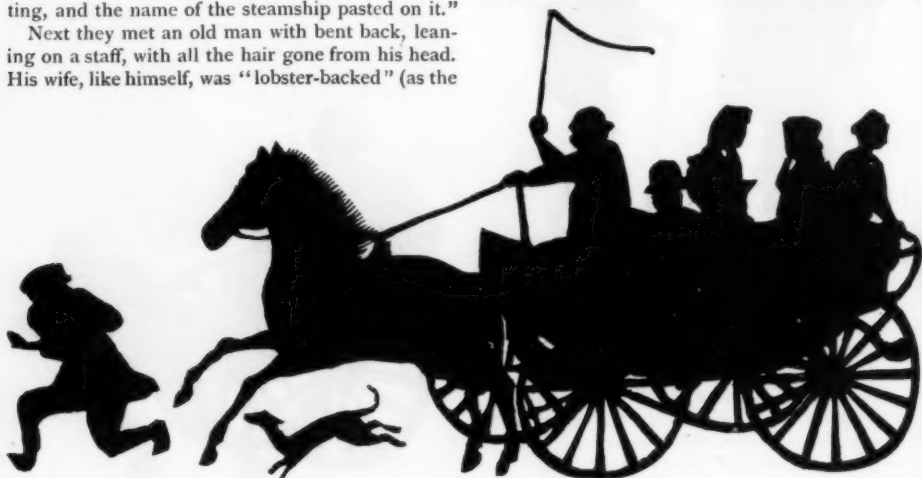
"A JAPANESE FARMER."



"THE POLICEMAN."



"THE SINGING-GIRL."



"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN THE BA-SHA."

Japanese say), but her gray hair was neatly rolled into the style of married women, which has no "bangs" or front lock as with young girls, or the

full of people both day and night. They looked into the toy shops, and O Totsu bought Blossom-boy a top. They visited a store where only things

made of straw were kept. There were hats, cloaks, rain-coats, shoes, leggings, boxes, ropes, twine, matting, ships' sails, dolls and colored toys such as birds, animals, etc., all made of straw. Here O Totsu bought a toy tiger for Harukichi. There were several farmers who bought cloaks and leggings. A Japanese farmer at work looks just like a man of straw.

"Who is that man carrying a club, with a round hat on like a basin?" said Harukichi.

"Oh, he's a policeman; he's as proud as a *tengu* (mountain imp with long nose.) See his lips stand out."

Then they stopped for a moment to listen to a singing-girl who was play-

ing on a three-stringed banjo.

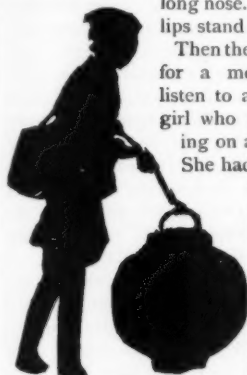
She had on a wide girdle tied in a big bow behind, with knots and tail. She sang a song about "spring," and "cherry blossoms" and "the flourishing reign of the Mikado." When, after the song, she put out her hand for money, little Harukichi drop-

ped in it three or four small copper coins, each of which had a square hole in the center.

As they were going along, Harukichi saw, some



"THE BLIND MAN."



"THE STREET PEDDLER."



"THE DANCING-GIRL AND HER SERVANT."

"O Totsu, what is that? It's a *tako* (cuttle-fish), is n't it?"

"Yes," said O Totsu, laughing. "It is a *tako* (kite) and I'll buy you one."

So by a pun on the word *tako*, which means either kite or cuttle-fish, a cuttle-fish served as a sign for the shops where paper-kites were for sale. When they had selected a huge square beauty, they heard a noise in the street, and so rushed out to see what could be coming.

Somebody was shouting out

"*Hai! hai! hai!*" far back, from the very middle of the street, which was crowded with people.

Every one stepped aside to make way. A *betto* or ostler appeared running with all his might on his legs, and moving his fists out and elbows behind him, very red in the face, and the top-knot on his head tossed back until it had slipped off his crown.

He shouted out to all, pushed men and women aside, and if a baby or child was playing in the street, he stooped and lifted it aside.

"O Totsu, look at the *ba-sha* (horse-wagon), and the *To-jin* (Chinese) riding in it."

On rattled the *ba-sha*, full of American people. There were two ladies and gentlemen and a boy riding behind. A Japanese driver with bare head—for the Japanese don't wear hats—sat in front, using the whip freely and shouting more than was necessary. What amused Harukichi most was to see a spotted carriage-dog running beside the horse under his body. He also wondered at the hats and clothes and curious eyes and hair of the



"AMA-ZAKU I"



"THE SERVANT FROM THE RESTAURANT."

distance off, a great cuttle-fish, made of paper, dangling in the air in front of a shop.



"THE WRITING-LESSON."

of Japan, just as many of our American people do not know the difference between Japanese and Chinese.

"You must not call them *To-jin* (Chinese), my little *doji* (boy), but *America-jin*. They are from the country of the flowery flag, across the Sea of Great Peace."

By this time, they had crossed the *Nihon Bashi*, or Bridge of Japan. From this they could see *Fuji yama*, the castle towers, and the great fish-market. On huge trays lay hundreds of sharks, eels, gar-fish, pike, bonito, mackerel, and the crimson *tai*. There were cuttle-fishes three feet long, and crabs four feet long, for sale. Many men were mincing fish to make fish-sausage and sauces. They leaned on the railing a long while looking over the wide canal, and at the boats shooting past or unloading fish, salt, sugar, or tea at the white clay fire-proof houses that lined the canal. While thus looking, holding his father's hand and too busy watching a man catching eels to hear the sound of a whistle, Harukichi felt himself jostled. As he turned round he saw a blind

man, who said, "*Gomen nasai*." (Please grant your honorable pardon.) The blind men, called *ama*, go about with a long cane to poke their way around. They blow a whistle to tell people to keep out of their way, or help them over dangerous places. All of them have round-shaven heads.

They sauntered on toward *Yanagi-Cho* (Willow street). Once, O Totsu stopped, and bought a cup of *ama-zaki*, a sweetened drink made from rice. The fellow who sold it was a merry chap, who carried two huge three-legged red tubs, slung from a pole across his shoulder. He shouted "*Ama-zaki! ama-zaki!*" His wide hat, called a "roof," was festooned and stuck over with straw and flowers. It being a warm day, he had fixed his oiled paper umbrella into the handle of one of the tubs. In his pocket was rolled up an advertisement praising the virtues of the sweet drink. This he unrolled occasionally.

Soon they reached the Seido Canal, one of the many that pass through Tokio. Then they stood on the new bridge of "Ten Thousand Reigns of Mikados," and looked down to see the sharp-prowed "house-boats," full of picnic parties which the oarmen were sculling down to the Sumida River. O Totsu hired one of the smaller boats near the landing, and also a strong fellow as the sculler. About dark they shot into the Sumida, and drifted slowly down the tide, while they unpacked their supper of rice, fish and eggs.

The *matsuri*, or the "opening of the Sumida," took place once a year, and thousands of boats, filled with ten thousand merry people, shot



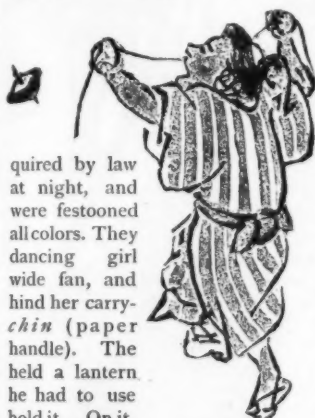
"THE READING-MASTER."

hither and thither over the gleaming water. The river glittered with ten thousand colored lanterns.

The people on many of the larger boats sent up rockets and fire-balls which exploded far up in the air. The largest were shot straight up into the air, out of heavy wooden canons hooped with bamboo; and the sky was streaked with red and yellow flame. Fiery dragons chased each other among the stars, cats ran after mice, a rabbit stood on his hind legs with ears up, and a cuttle-fish spread out its cuppy arms. When the fun was over, they left the boats lower down the river, and landing, took a *jin-riki-sha* and rode homeward. Harukichi, though very tired, was not sleepy, and enjoyed



"BALANCING THE SPINNING TOP ON A STRING."



"TOSSING THE SPINNING TOP."

quired by law at night, and were festooned all colors. They dancing girl wide fan, and hind her carry-*chin* (paper handle). The held a lantern he had to use hold it. On it, in large letters assortment of

he carried in a box strapped over his shoulders. They saw a servant from a restaurant carrying out to a feast, in a house near by, a nest of lacquered boxes full of fried eels, baked fish, prawn salad, omelets, and eggs, with several kinds of pickles and sauces. The dessert consisted of sponge cake, candied walnuts, and sugar jelly. He balanced the load on his shoulders. At last, they reached home, and while O Totsu and Oka (mamma) were having a talk together, Harukichi

crept quietly under his mosquito net and lay down. Very soon, he was fast asleep.

Harukichi slept a little later than usual next morning, but he was up and had his rice-and-tea-breakfast in time to be at school without being late. Let us take a peep into the *sho gakko* or primary school.

Almost the first thing which Harukichi and all other Japanese boys learn, is how to write the Japanese alphabet, which has forty-seven letters in it. These are not a, b, c, d, but *i, ro, ha, ni, he, ho*, etc. *I-nu* means dog, *ne-ko*, cat, *u-chi*, house, *te*, hand, *to*, ten, etc.

The writing-master makes a stool of his knees and heels, for the people do not use chairs. The matting-covered floors are as clean as a chair. On the little table at his left, is his ink-stone, on which he rubs his "India" ink with a little water from the water-holder. He likes two peacock's feathers instead of flowers. Squatting before his reading-desk he calls off, from the open book, the letters or words to be written. He holds

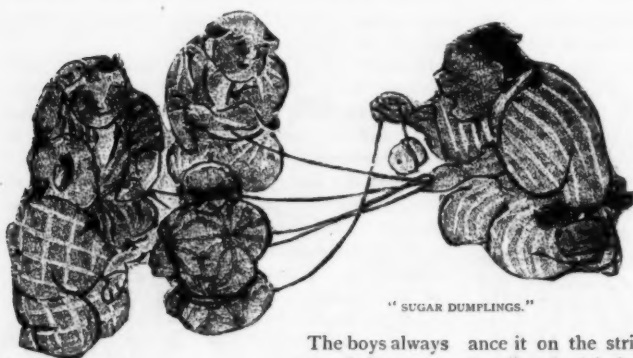


"SPINNING THE TOP SIDeways."



"WHIPPING A TOP."

his fan ready to rap for order, to cool his face, or to beckon the scholars to be ready to recite.



"SUGAR DUMPLINGS."

at school. They hold their brush-pen straight in their fingers. When they can write and read the *i-ro-ha* (ABC), they begin to study Chinese, as we study Latin and Greek in college. They first learn the sounds, and how to pronounce every word in the book, before they study the meaning or translate it.

Then the reading-master takes them. From him they learn the meaning of the sentences in the classics. It is a little tiresome to sit so long in school, and the boys often think of their tops and kites, but they are taught good manners also, and, as it is not considered polite for boys to yawn or be restless, even in school, they feel obliged to keep very still.



"THE SINGING TOP."

ance it on the string while it is spinning, or toss it off and pick it up again, or spin it sidewise, he is happy, and capers as if wild.

Other kinds of Japanese tops are the whipping-top, and a clumsy sort which hums or sings. This is set going by turning it between the hands. When tired of his tops, Harukichi gets out his stilts made of stout bamboo cane, and goes tramping about. One of the favorite games which the boys play, is to take four threads and tie one of them to some *dango* (sugar dumplings). Then all the threads are laid together, each boy pulls one, and whoever pulls the right thread gets the sweetmeat.



"ON STILTS."



"ONI-BA," OR PRISONERS' BASE.

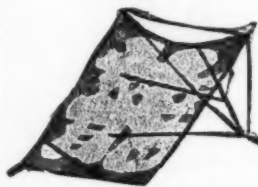
By and by, the porter clicks a wooden clapper very loudly, and it is noon. Then, Harukichi hurries

Next door to Harukichi lived his favorite playmate, a little fellow named Joji. Most of their

games they played out-of-doors. Just between the two houses was a post; with this they played "*oni-ba*" (prisoners' base). One boy tied himself by his girdle to the post, and was the *oni* or imp, who tried to clutch any one who wandered too near. To pull down the eyelid, or put out the tongue, was supposed to make the *oni* very angry. When tired of this game, the two boys played blind-man's-buff.

One day, a stout old aunty who liked Harukichi, made him a present of a little kite, cut in the shape of a baby boy. It was made of paper pasted on bamboo, and painted until it looked just like a chubby boy with arms stretched out. Harukichi soon learned to fly it, using only a thread. When just over the houses, it looked like a baby dancing in the air.

But when he wanted to raise a big kite, four feet square, which had no bobs, and could go up almost into the clouds, and pull out a basketful



of heavy cord almost as thick as a rope, he asked a big boy (who was large enough to wear a cue or top-knot) to fly it for him. In a high wind, little boys have often been pulled



THE OLD AUNTY AND THE KITE.

hundreds of little bits of red and white paper. The wind blew it along up the string. When near

the top, a jerk of the cord opened the bundle, and scattered in the air a red and white shower which



"BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF."

fell fluttering and whirling to the ground like snow.

When Harukichi comes into the house all tired after the play, he first takes off his sandals, and goes in by the side door; for O Tama, the ruddy buxom servant-girl, is scrubbing the porch clean. She uses no soap, but with hot water and a straw scrubber and cloth, and good hard



"FLYING THE BIG KITE."

scrubbing, she makes the fine veined wood of the portico shine. When she is at work, she ties up her

long loose sleeves with a cord round over her shoulders.

In the house, Harukichi puts away his kite, and

Harukichi is industrious, too, and is learning rapidly even in a school that must seem a very curious one to our young people. You may be



"HANDING THE SUGAR-JELLY."



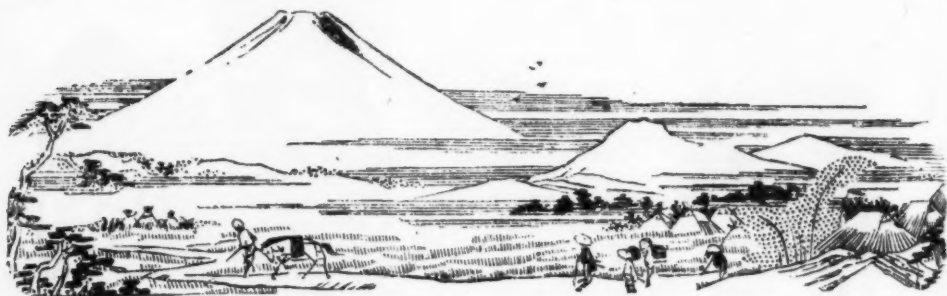
"THE SERVANT-GIRL, SCRUBBING."

then mother is ready to welcome her Blossom-boy with a bit of sugar-jelly. She hands it to him with two short ivory rods called *hashi* (chop-sticks) which are used in the place of spoons or forks.

No wonder the mother loves her Blossom-boy, for he always obeys her, never answering her back, nor pouting, nor saying *naizé* (why)? Politeness, even among children, is the rule in Japan; and rare is the ill-tempered or disobedient child in the Mikado's empire. Not all my readers perhaps will believe this statement, but I was acquainted with too many Harukichis and Sataros and Jojis and Amés and Kinzos in Japan, to be mistaken.

surprised to hear that he hopes to travel to America some day, and let his hair grow like that of American boys. But many Japanese young men have already visited this country,—indeed, a number of them are now being educated in some of our schools and colleges,—and once here, the Japanese always prefer to dress like the Americans, in which they differ again from their old neighbors the Chinese, who persist in wearing their native costumes wherever they go.

Sometime we may call and see Blossom-boy again, and take another walk in Tokio with him before he leaves Japan.



A VIEW IN JAPAN.

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A POOR LITTLE MOTHER.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

ONCE a little lady dressed in black and red
Tucked her little children safely in their bed.
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly singing breezes and the sunshine made them glad.

Off flew the little mother through the pleasant summer air;
She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
A grassy glade, a hill-top, and then a field of clover
This little dame in black and red went flying gayly over.

But in a pretty garden where grew a red, red rose,
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose;
As soft as fairy velvet, and oh, so red and sweet
Were the fragrant leaves around her and underneath her feet.

Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
The red, red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay.
She drowsily came creeping from out sweet rose-leaf land,
And stood a moment thinking on the merry maiden's hand.

The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of glee,
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called she:

"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home!"

Your house is on fire, and your children will burn!"

Off flew that little mother in terror wild and dread
Across the hill and grassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal in breathless fear she stooped,—
There lay her little children all snugly tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound, and sleeping, with the green leaf overhead!

THE CHILD AND THE IMAGE.

(Suggested by an Actual Incident.)

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A LITTLE girl was taken by her parents to visit
an ancient cathedral. While the parents were
admiring some fine old traceries about the door,
they were startled by a piercing cry from their
child, who shrank from the portal with signs of
terror, and hid her face in the mother's skirt.

"What is the matter?" cried both parents at
once.

"Oh, the ugly man up there!" gasped the girl.
"Oh, mother, he has horrible horns and teeth.
I'm afraid of him." And the little one shuddered.

The father's eye caught in a moment the figure
which had so terrified his little daughter. On one
side of the portal was a sculptured mediæval figure
with horns and pitchfork, and large tusks; a fiend-
ish grin of malicious delight was on his face as he
trampled men and women down into a monster's
mouth yawning at his feet. The father half smiled
at his child's dismay, and said:

"Do not fear, my darling. It cannot hurt you;
it is only stone; we wont look at it any more, but
go into the church." And he took her hand.

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child, still cowering, and again clasping her mother. "He's inside the church; I know he is. Let's run away!"

"He's not inside," said the father; "there are beautiful forms within. Don't be afraid."

was something like a child once. Can you understand that?"

"Not a bit," sighed the girl.

"I mean that, a long time ago, people, even after they were grown-up, used to be frightened at



"SHE HID HER FACE IN HER MOTHER'S SKIRT."

"But why do they put him there?" asked the girl, peeping out at the figure from the folds of her mother's dress.

"They placed him there when the church was built, hundreds of years ago."

"Who did?"

"The men who built the church."

"They must have been very naughty men, and I don't love them at all," said the child.

The parents were now laughing heartily, and the girl, reassured by their merriment, looked up again at the figure.

"Is it funny?" she said.

"No," said the father; "but it is funny that you should be frightened at such an old image, which can only make grown-up people smile, or look at it as a curiosity."

"What is a curiosity?" said the child.

"Something queer,—not like what you see every day."

The child was still puzzled.

"Did children put it there for grown-up people to laugh at?" she inquired.

"Well, my little one, you see, the whole world

big black clouds, and lightning, and at the dark, just as you were frightened by that stone."

"I am not afraid of the dark," said the child.

"No; because your mother and I, and all your friends, were never afraid of it; nor of clouds and thunder. But when the world was a child, as I told you, it had not found out what darkness is, and what the clouds are made of. Then they thought that the cloud and thunder and the dark, and everything ugly, and everything they were afraid of,—snakes and tigers and cruel men,—must have been made by a bad deity—not the same that made the blue sky and the roses. Now, that ugly figure there is that bad deity."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the child, "I'm afraid of him! Where does that bad one live?"

"He does n't live at all. There is n't any bad deity. They thought so, but they were mistaken,—just as you were mistaken in thinking that stone could hurt you."

"But why did they not take it down when they found they were mistaken?"

"Why, when they found that the clouds and darkness and snakes and tigers were not made by

any bad power, they still thought there must be one, because there were so many bad men and women. When people killed each other, and did other wicked things, they thought there must be a big wicked creature who made them do it, in order that he might get them after they were dead, and treat them cruelly. So they kept him up there to make people believe how ugly it was to be wicked and cruel, and what a horrible monster would get them."

"But did n't it frighten good people? How could people play with their dolls and eat cake if they thought there was a bad one with horns and great teeth to eat everybody he could?"

"Well, yes, it did frighten good people, till they rose above it."

"Father, what do you mean by *rose above it*?"

"Oh, dear little questioner, we must really go on now, and talk about all this at another time. I mean that they rose above it by finding that there was not really any such monster, just as you rose above your fear when we told you the figure could not hurt you."

The three entered the cathedral. The parents pointed out to their child a beautiful statue of the Madonna, but the child said, softly:

"Mother, if that ugly one with horns were alive, I could never play with my dolly. I would hide her."

"Don't think of that any more, little daughter," said the mother; "look at that beautiful babe with light around its head, on the gay-colored window."

The child gazed, but was silent; the cloud had not lifted. Presently, they passed up a winding stair-way, and stepped forth upon a parapet beneath the clear morning sky. Then the mother saw that her darling's eyes were full of tears. She pressed the child to her breast, and soothed her, and pointed her to the brilliant city.

Soon after, the child, grasped by her father's hand, was suffered to look over the parapet's edge, and, after gazing for a minute, she uttered another cry,—this time a cry of delight.

"Mother, mother, only see! here, just below us on the wall, is a nest and four dear little birds, and there is an egg, too, quite sky-blue! What a cozy place they have; it's just made for a nest."

The mother hastened to look, and, even while the two were gazing on the little family, the mother-bird came, and the father, and there were happy twitterings. The child's delight was great. But the mother's eye had observed something else, and she said:

"Why, my darling, that place you think so cozy for a nest is exactly on top of the head of the ugly image that troubled you so! See, his horns keep it from falling. The mother-bird is n't frightened, but nestles on them!"

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the little one. "The bad man does n't look ugly from here; his head holds up the birds'-nest."

"That," said the father, "may show just what I meant when I told you that people rose above it. You are now above it. When you looked up to it, it was frightful; when you look down on it, you can see something sweet and loving going on over it, and even held up by it. And some day, when you have grown larger, you will love to remember to-day, and how you came to look down on the demon the first day you ever saw him."

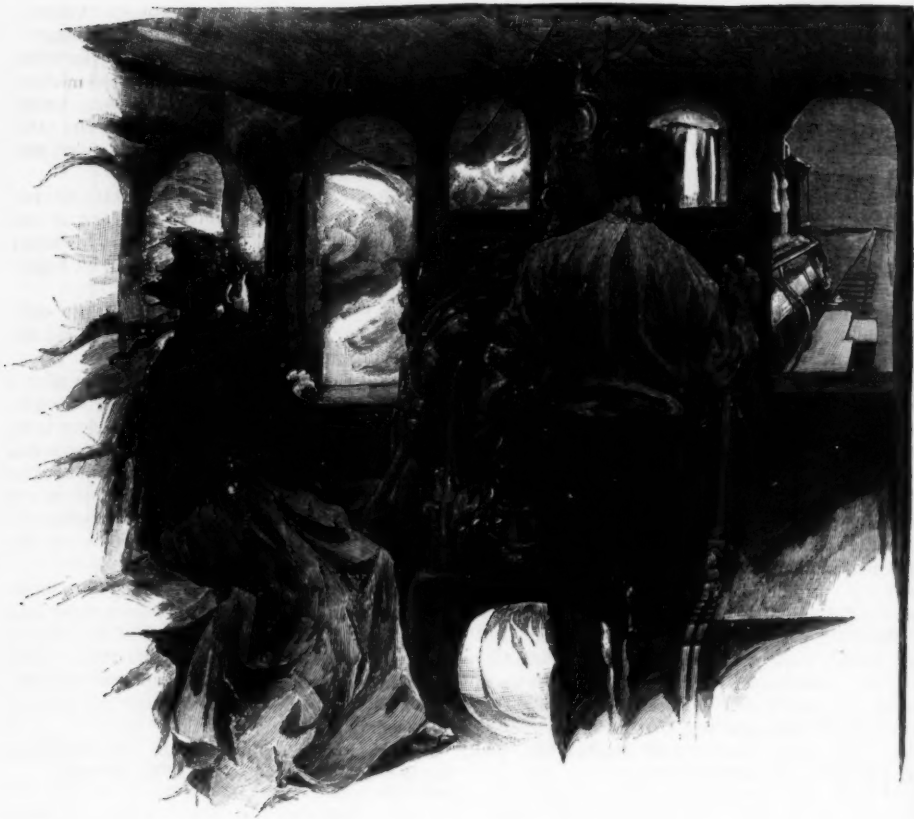
"Come, father and mother!" cried the happy child. "The little boys and girls down-stairs may be frightened; let us go and stand in the church-door, and tell them not to look at the demon there, where he's horrid, but to come up here and see, over his horns, the sky-blue egg, and the mother-bird feeding its young."

The tears had disappeared from the child's eyes, but they stood bright in those of the parents.



BLOWN AWAY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



"AH! A SPECK,—A BLACK DOT ON THE HORIZON!" [SEE PAGE 603.]

THERE were three of them,—Kitty, Mary, and little Tommy,—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great South-Western Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black River flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the north; and on clear days, the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the South-Western here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three chil-

dren lived in the little dépôt quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles, in any direction.

At times the children thought it rather lonely. There was nothing in particular to be done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while, a freight-car would be left on the side track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital play-house. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning, they were wakened by a curious

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humming sound out-of-doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music-box, with the children inside. After breakfast, the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and be lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight-car on the side track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat, and they all went out to the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a grand promenade to walk on.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car, they went on with their play and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

"Why, it's moving! Somebody's pushing it," said Mary.

"They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out."

"I did n't hear the whistle," said Tommy. "I guess something is pushing the car."

The girls leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.

"Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away."

"No, no," said Kitty. "We must stay here till the brakeman comes round. I did n't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There is n't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"Oh, it's the wind! It's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake-wheel was on top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to rattle and roar as if dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment, Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared hard at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled on and on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight-car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last, the beds were made, the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play-house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once, the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps, they could not hear in all this din. May be, they were inside the car, out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen! She wondered if there had not been a mistake? Perhaps, the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

"The car! The children!"

The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away before the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the dépôt to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same instant, his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was now no means of sending word in advance of the

runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

"Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east."

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last, it reached the platform and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River Road and not intended to go in the direction in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped, the station-master ran to the engineer and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off, and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous! Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

Three children lost, blown away in an empty car. Some one said, "Yes, go at once. We can wait here till the engine returns." The conductor said he must telegraph for instructions; but some one said, "The wires are down," and the people only cried out the more, "Let the engine go!" so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

"Hold on, marm," said a brakeman. "I'll cast her off. You jump aboard, if you want to go too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum."

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and the station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding. The station-master did not feel very happy. He had half intended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack," said the engineer to the fireman. "It's no use to get excited, for we're in for a long race."

"It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water and come to a stand-still on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and then the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out ahead over the line. How the engine shook and roared! The little finger of the

steam-gauge trembled and rose higher and higher as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and, behind, the rails spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep up this pace we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon, where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already!

"Oh, don't stop!" cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There were three children inside."

"Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down-grade all the way, but the up-grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and did n't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.

"Good-bye! I'll put up the pipe.—Heaven help ye!—the up-grade——"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot ahead on and on out over the open prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

Ah! What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

"Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two-mile siding."

How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way! Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them.

"It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main-line,—road—clear——"

"Thank Heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

Ah! A speck,—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the

engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car,—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I."

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jack.

RATTLE-TE-BANG.

BY MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

DID you see our new company training to-day?

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"What is the name of your company, pray?"

'T is Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

There were Peter, and Eddie, and Harry, and Ben,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,

And we marched up and down like an army of men,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

We wore gilt paper buttons, and epaulets, too,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

On our hats we had streamers of red, white, and blue,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

Little Peter was captain, he marched in the van,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

And I was the drummer-boy, with a tin pan,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

Such music you never did hear in your life!

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang;

For Ben had a bugle, and Harry a fife,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

And as I was beating my little tin drum,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,

There came a cross man, who looked ugly and grum,

Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

Said he: "What a nuisance this terrible noise!"
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Away with your clatter, you rude, naughty boys!
 With your 'Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang!'"

Said Ben: "He 's mistaken, he never would do
 For Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang;
 For all are good-natured, and mannerly too,
 Who train in our Rattle-te-Bang."

Said Peter: "I 'm captain. March on, never mind!
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang."
 Then a gentleman hailed us so cheery and kind,
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"What little musicians are these in the street,"—
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,—

"With uniforms looking so gay and so neat?"
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Come in, little men!" and he opened the door,
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Now Rub-a-dub-dub, give us just one tune more."
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"And now, little soldiers, 't is my turn to treat,"—
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang—

Then he brought us some apples and candies to eat,
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Now was n't that jolly?" said brave little Ben.
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"'Pears to me there 's a wonderful diff'rence in men."
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

Said Harry, whose little eyes sparkled with joy,
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang:

"Surely that man was made of a good-natured boy!"
 Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

CAUSEY ISLAND.

WHEN Eyebright awoke next morning, she ran straight to the window, with the hope that she might see Causey Island. But the window did not look toward the sea. Only a barn, a bit of winding road, and a green hill with a rocky top, were to be seen; and she dropped the paper shade with a sense of disappointment.

Dressing herself as fast as she could, she ran down-stairs. Mrs. Downs, who was frying fish in the kitchen, pointed with a spoon in answer to her question, and said:

"It's up that way the island is, but 't aint much to look at. It 's too fur for you to see the house."

Eyebright did n't particularly care about seeing the house. She was satisfied with seeing the island. There it lay, long and green, raised high out of the blue sea like a wall, with the water washing its stony shore. There seemed to be a good many trees and bushes on top, and altogether she thought it a beautiful place, and one where a little girl might be happy to live.

"You aint the folks that 's coming to live up to the island, be you?" said Mrs. Downs. "Do tell if you are? We heard there was some one. There

haint been nobody there for quite a spell back, not since the Lotts went away last year. Job Lott, he farmed it for a while; but Miss Lott's father, he was took sick over to Machias, and they moved up to look after him, and nobody's been there since, unless the boys for blue-berries. I guess your Pa 'll find plenty to do to get things straightened out, and so will the rest of you."

"There is n't any 'rest' but me."

"Do tell now. Haint you any Ma?"

"No," said Eyebright," sadly. "Mother died last November."

"You poor little thing!" cried kind Mrs. Downs; "and haint you got no brothers and sisters neither?"

"No; not any at all."

"Why, you 'll be lonesome, I'm afraid, up to the island. You never lived in such a sort of a place before, did you?"

"Oh no; we always lived in Tunxet. But I don't believe I shall be lonesome. It looks real pretty from here. Why is it called Cosy Island, Mrs. Downs?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know. Folks always called it that. I never thought to ask nobody. Perhaps he 'll know when he comes in."

"He" was Mr. Downs, but he knew no more than his wife about the name of the island. Mr. Bright, however, was better informed. He told them that the name in the first place, was "Causeway," from the natural path, uncovered at each low tide, which connected it with the shore, and that this had gradually been changed to "Causey," because it was easier to pronounce. Eyebright was rather disappointed at this explanation.

"I thought it was 'Cosy,'" she said, "because the island was cozy."

Mr. Downs gave a great laugh at this, but Papa patted her head kindly, and said:

"We 'll see if we can't make it so, Eyebright."

The tide would not serve for crossing the causeway till the afternoon, but Mr. Downs offered to put them over in his boat without waiting for that. It was arranged that they should come back for the night, and Mrs. Downs packed some bread and cheese and doughnuts in a basket to serve them as dinner. Eyebright took the basket on her arm, and ran down to the shore in high spirits. It was a lovely day. The sea was as blue as the sky, and, as the boat pushed off, little ripples from the incoming tide struck the pebbly beach, with swift flashes of white, like gleaming teeth, and a gay little splash, so like a laugh that Eyebright laughed, too, and showed her teeth.

"What are you smiling at?" asked her father.

"I don't know," she answered, in a tone of dreamy enjoyment. "I like it here, Papa."

Near as the island looked, it took quite a long time to reach it, though Mr. Downs pulled strongly and steadily. It was very interesting as each stroke took them nearer and nearer, and showed more and more distinctly what their future home was like. The trees, which at first had seemed a solid green mass, became distinct shapes of pines, hemlocks and sumachs. A little farther, and openings appeared between them, through which open spaces on top could be seen, bushes, a field, and yes, actually! a little brown patch, which was a house. There it was, and Eyebright held Genevieve up that she might see it, too.

"That's our house, my child," she whispered.

"Are n't you glad? But, my! don't it look small?"

It was small, smaller even than it looked, as they found, when, after saying good-bye to Mr. Downs, and getting directions for crossing the "Causey," they climbed the steep path which led to the top and came out close to the house. Mr. Bright gave a low whistle as he looked at it, and Eyebright opened her eyes wide.

"It's a comfort that we're not a large family, is n't it?" she said, quaintly. "I'm almost glad now that Wealthy did n't come, Papa. Would n't she say it was little? Little than Miss Fitch's school-house, I do believe."

The front door was fastened only by a large cobweb, left by some industrious spider of last year, so it was easy to make their way in. There was no entrance-hall. The door opened directly into a square kitchen, from which opened two smaller rooms. One had shelves round it, and seemed to be a sort of pantry or milk-room. As they went into the other, a trickling sound met their ears, and they saw a slender stream of clear spring water running into a stone sink. The sink never seemed to get any fuller, but the water ran on and on, and there was no way to stop it, as Eyebright found after a little examination.

"Is n't that splendid?" she cried. "It just runs all the time, and we sha'n't have to pump or anything. I do like that so much!" Then, as if the sound made her thirsty, she held her head under the spout, and took a good long drink.

"Do taste it. It's the best water that ever was," she declared.

This spring-water, always at hand, was the only luxury which the little house afforded. All the rest was bare and plain as could be. Upstairs were two small chambers, but they were more like chicken-coops than bedrooms; for the walls, made of laths not yet plastered, were full of cracks and peep-holes, and the staircase which led to them resembled a ladder more than was desirable. There was plenty of sunshine everywhere, for there were no blinds, and the sweet yellow light made a cheer-

fulness in the place, forlorn as it was. Eyebright did not think it forlorn. She enjoyed it very much as though it had been a new doll's-house, and danced about gleefully, planning where this should go, and that; how Papa's desk should have a corner by one window, and her little chair by the other, and the big mahogany table, which Wealthy had persuaded them to bring, by the wall. She showed a good deal of cleverness and sense in their arrangement, and Papa was well content that things should be as she liked.

"We must have the upstairs rooms plastered, I suppose," he said. "That 'll require some time, I'm afraid. Plaster takes so long to dry. We must arrange to wait at Mr. Downs's for a week or two, Eyebright."

He sighed as he spoke, and sat down on the door-step, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, looking tired and discouraged.

"Oh, must we?" cried Eyebright, her face falling. "That won't be nice a bit. Papa! I've got an idea. Don't plaster the walls. Let me fix them. I'll make them real nice, just as nice as can be, if you will, and then we sha'n't have to wait at all."

"Why, what can you do with them? How do you mean?" demanded her father.

"Oh, Papa, it's a secret. I'd rather not tell you. I'd rather have it a surprise,—may n't I?"

Papa demurred, but Eyebright coaxed and urged, and at last he said:

"Well, I don't care about it one way or the other. Try your idea if you like, Eyebright. It will amuse you, perhaps, and anything will do for the summer. We can plaster in the fall."

"I don't believe you'll want to," remarked Eyebright, shaking her head mysteriously. "My way is much prettier than plaster. Just you wait and see, Papa. I'm sure you'll like it."

But Papa seemed down-hearted, and it was not easy to make him smile. To tell the truth, the look of the farm was rather discouraging. He kicked the earth over with his foot, and said the soil was poor and everything seemed run down. But Eyebright would not give in to this view at all. It was a lovely place, she insisted, and she ran about discovering new beauties and advantages every moment. Now it was a thicket of wild roses just budding into leaf. Next a patch of winter-green, with white starry blossoms and red berries. Then, peeping over the bank, she called Papa's attention to a strip of pebbly beach on the side of the island next the sea.

"Here 's where we can take baths," she said. "Why, I declare, here 's a path down to it. I guess the people who used to live here made it; don't you? Oh, do come and see the beach, Papa!"

It was a rough little path which led to the beach, and overgrown with weeds; but they made their way down without much trouble, and Eyebright tramped the pebbles under foot with great satisfaction.

"Is n't it splendid!" she cried. "See that great stone close to the bank, Papa. We can go behind there to dress and undress. It 's a real nice place. I'm going to call it 'The Dressing-room.' How wide the sea is on this side! And what is that long point of land, Papa?"



DECORATING THE WALLS.

For the island lay within a broad curving bay. One end of the curve projected only a little way, but toward the north a long cape-like tongue of land, with a bold, hilly outline, ran out to sea, and made a striking feature in the landscape.

"Those are the Guinness Hills," said Mr. Bright. "Canada begins just the other side of them. Do you see those specks of white on the point? That is Malachi, and in the summer there is a steamboat once a week from there to Portland. We can see it pass in clear weather, Mr. Downs says."

"That will be nice," said Eyebright, comfortably. "I'm glad we've got a beach of our own, Papa; are n't you? Now I want to look about some more."

To the left of the house the ground rose in a low knoll, whose top was covered with sassafras bushes.

This was the source of the spring whose water ran into the back kitchen. They came upon it presently, and could trace the line of spouts, each made of a small tree-trunk, halved and hollowed out, which led it from the hill to the house. Following these along, Eyebright made the discovery of a cubby,—a veritable cubby,—left by some child in a choice and hidden corner formed by three overlapping moose-wood bushes. The furniture, except for a table made of three shingles, consisted entirely of corn-cobs; but it was a desirable cubby for all that, and would be a pleasant out-door parlor for Genevieve on hot days, Eyebright thought. It made the island seem much more home-like to know that other children had lived there and played plays under the trees; and, cheered by this idea, she became so merry, that gradually Papa brightened, too, and began to make plans for his farming operations with more heart than he had hitherto shown, deciding where to plant corn and where potatoes, and where their little vegetable garden would better be.

"I suppose it's no use to try for fruit," he said; "the climate is too cold."

"Not too cold for blue-berries," Eyebright replied. "There are lots of them, Mrs. Downs says, and lots of cranberries, and Mr. Downs's brother has got an apple-tree."

"An apple-tree! Dear! dear! Think of getting to a place where people have only one apple-tree," muttered Mr. Bright.

By the time that they had made the circuit of the island it was twelve o'clock. This was dinner-time, Eyebright declared, and she produced the lunch-basket. Mrs. Downs's bread had yellow specks of *saleratus* in it, and was very different from Wealthy's delicious loaves; but they were too hungry to criticise, though Eyebright shook her head over it, and thought with satisfaction of the big parcel of yeast-powder which she and Wealthy had packed up. She knew exactly where it was, in the corner of a certain yellow box, and that reminded her to ask Papa when the boxes would be likely to come.

"They are due at this moment," he replied. "I suppose we may look for them at any time now. Mr. Downs says there have been head winds for this week past, and I presume that has kept the sloop back. Perhaps she may come to-day."

"I do hope she will. I want dreadfully to begin and fix the house. Does n't it seem a great while since we left Tunxet, Papa? I can't believe that it is only three days, so much has happened."

The tide had been going out since eleven o'clock, and by four, when they were ready to cross, the causeway was uncovered. It was a wide pathway of sand, not flat and even all the way, but

high in some places and low in others, with shells and pebbles shining here and there on its surface. It was like a beach, except for being narrower, and having water on both sides of it, instead of on only one. The sand was still wet enough to make good hard footing, and Eyebright skipped gayly over it, declaring that she felt just like the children of Israel in the middle of the Red Sea.

"It is so strange to think that, just a little while ago, this was all water," she said; "and just a little while longer, and it will be all water again. It is the most interesting thing we've got on our island, I think, Papa; but it makes me feel a little afraid, too."

"There's nothing to be afraid of if you're only careful not to come here except when the tide is going out," said her father. "Now remember this, Eyebright,—you must never try to cross when the tide is rising, even if the sand looks perfectly dry and the water seems a good way off. The sea comes in very fast up here on these northern shores, and if you made a misstep and sprained your ankle, or had an accident of any kind, you might be drowned before any one could come to your help. Remember, my child."

"Yes, Papa, I will," said Eyebright, looking rather nervously at the water. It was slipping farther away every moment, and seemed the most harmless thing in the world; but Papa's words made her feel as if it were a dangerous and deceitful creature which could not be trusted.

It was over a mile from the causeway to the village, though at first sight the distance looked much less. Plodding along the sandy shore was slow work, so that they did not reach the village till nearly six. A smell of frying met them as they entered the door. Mrs. Downs, wishing to do them honor, was making blue-berry flap-jacks for tea. Did any of you ever eat blue-berry flap-jacks? I imagine not, unless you have summered on the coast of Maine. They are a kind of greasy pancake, in which blue-berries are stirred till the cakes are about the color of a blue-bag. They are served swimming in melted butter and sugar, and in any other place or air would be certain indigestion, if not sudden death, to any person partaking of them. But, somehow, in that place and that air they are not only harmless but seem quite delicious as well. Eyebright thought so. She ate a great many flap-jacks, thought them extremely nice, and slept like a top afterward, with never a bad dream to mar her rest.

A big gray sail at the wharf was the glad sight that met their eyes when they came down next morning. The sloop had come in during the night, with all Mr. Bright's goods on board. He had hoped that it might be possible to land them

on the island, but the captain said it was out of the question; he could n't get near enough, for one thing, and if he could, he would n't; for how were heavy things like them to be dumped on a shelvin' bank like that, he'd like to know? So the goods were landed on the dock at Scapplehead, and Mr. Downs undertook to find an ox-team to draw them across the causeway at low tide.

Getting oxen was not an easy matter at that season of the year, but Mr. Downs, who had taken a fancy to his lodgers, bestirred himself, and at last found some one willing to let his yoke go in consideration of a dollar and a quarter. So, at exact low tide, the great cart, piled with boxes and barrels, creaked slowly across the sandy bar, Mr. Downs driving, and Papa walking behind with Eyebright, who was more than ever reminded of the crossing of the Red Sea. It took much lugging and straining and "gee"-ing and "haw"-ing to get the load up the steep bank on the other side; but all arrived safely at last in front of the house. There the cart was unloaded as fast as possible, a few things set in-doors, the rest left outside, and, getting into the cart, they all drove back across the causeway. It was harder work than when they came, for the tide was rising, and the sand had grown soft and yielding. One great swirling wave ran up and curled round the oxen's hoofs just as they reached firm ground, but, though Eyebright gave a little scream, and Mr. Downs frowned and said, "By gosh!" no harm was done, and the momentary fright only made pleasanter their drive to Scapplehead, which they reached just as the sun sank for the night into a great soft-looking bed of purple and crimson clouds.

This was their last night with the Downs family. Early next morning they started for the island in Mr. Downs's boat, taking with them their last bundles, and bags, and Mrs. Downs, who had kindly offered to give them a day's help. Very helpful it proved, for there was everything to do.

Mr. Bright, like all men, wanted to do everything at once, and Eyebright was too inexperienced to know what should come first and what second; so Mrs. Downs's good sense and advice were of great value. Under her directions the bedrooms were swept and cleaned, and the bedsteads put together, first of all, for, as she said, "You've got to sleep, anyhow, and if you don't do it comfortable you'll be sick, and that would never do." Next, while Eyebright swept the kitchen, she and Mr. Bright got the stove into place, set the pipe, and lighted a fire, after which Mrs. Downs scoured the pantry shelves, and unpacked china and tins.

"There," she said, surveying the result with great satisfaction. "That begins to look folksy.

What's sewed up in that old comforter? A rock-in-cheer. Let's have it out!"

So the rocking-chair was unsewed, and Papa's desk and the big table were unpacked; and as each familiar article came to view, Eyebright felt as though an old friend were restored to her. She patted the arm of her own little chair, and put the plaided cover from the old sitting-room over the table, with a sense of cheer and comfort. She and Papa and Mrs. Downs dined on bread and cheese in the intervals of work, and by five o'clock they were very fairly in order, and Mrs. Downs made ready to go back to her own family. Eyebright walked with her as far as the causeway, and parted with a hearty kiss. Mrs. Downs seemed like a second Wealthy, almost, she had been so kind and thoughtful all that busy day.

Papa was sitting in the rocking-chair, by the stove, when she went back. She stopped to kiss him as she passed, and proceeded to set the table and get supper. Mrs. Downs had started them with a supply of bread, butter and milk; but the tea and sugar came out of one of the Tunxet boxes, and so did the tumbler of currant-jam, opened in honor of the occasion. Wealthy had made it, and it seemed to taste of the pleasant old times. Eyebright did not care to think much about Wealthy just then. The tide was drawing over the causeway, cutting them off from everybody else in the world. She felt lonely and the least bit afraid, in spite of Papa's being there; and only keeping very busy till bed-time saved her from homesickness, which she felt would be a bad beginning, indeed, for that first evening in the new home.

Next morning was fair. All the days had been good so far, which was fortunate, for a half-settled house is a dismal place enough in rainy weather. Eyebright opened her eyes, and after one bewildered stare began to laugh, for through the slats of her "coop," she could distinctly see Papa, half-dressed, and brushing his hair in his, on the other side of the entry. This was not to be endured, so after breakfast, while he went to the village for some provisions, she set to work with great energy on her plan for reforming the bedroom walls. This was to cover them with "picture papers." There was an abundance of material for the purpose at hand, for her mother had taken one of the best weekly illustrated papers for several years; and as she saved all the back numbers, a large pile had collected, which Wealthy had carefully packed. These Eyebright sorted over, setting aside all the pictures of cows, and statesmen, and steamboats, and railroad trains for Papa's room, and keeping the kittens, and dogs, and boys, and girls, and babies for her own. She fastened the papers to the laths with tacks, and the

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ceilings were so low that she was able to do all but the very top row herself. That she was forced to leave for Papa. So hard did she work that the whole of his room was done before he appeared, climbing the path, with a big bundle under one arm, a basket in his hand, and looking very warm and tired.

"It's a hard pull up the shore," he said, wiping his forehead. "I shall have to get a boat whether I can afford it or not, I'm afraid. It'll be worse when hot weather comes, and there'll always be

be late to breakfast, because he should want to lie in bed and study his picture-gallery, which joke delighted Eyebright highly.

It was several days before she had time to attend to her own papering, for there was a great deal else to do,—boxes to unpack, places to settle, and outside work to begin. Mr. Bright hired a man for one week to plow and plant and split wood. After that, he thought he could keep things in running order by himself. He had been brought up on a farm, but years of disuse had made him



"MY! WHAT A BIG DOLL!" (SEE PAGE 611.)

the need of going over to the village for something or other."

"A boat," cried Eyebright, clapping her hands. "Oh, Papa, that would be splendid. I can learn to row it my own self, can't I? It'll be as nice as a carriage of our own,—nicer, for we sha'n't have to catch the horse, or feed him either. Now, Papa, let me carry the basket, and oh, do come quick. I want to show you how beautifully I have done your bedroom."

Papa liked the bedroom very much. He was glad to be saved the expense and delay of plastering, only he said he was afraid he should always

stiff and awkward at such labor, and he found the work harder than he had expected. Eyebright was glad to see the big wood-pile grow. It had a cozy look to her, and gradually the house was beginning to look cozy too. The kitchen, with its strip of carpet and easy-chairs and desk, made quite a comfortable sitting-room. Eyebright kept a glass of wild-roses or buttercups or white daisies always on the table. She set up a garden of her own, too, after a while, and raised some balsams and "Johnny-jump-ups" from seeds which Mr. Downs gave her, and some golden-brown coreopsis. As for the housekeeping, it fared better than

could have been expected with only a little girl of thirteen to look after things. Once a week, a woman came from the village for the day (and half a dollar), did the washing and part of the ironing, roasted a joint of meat if there was one to roast, made a batch of pies, perhaps, or a pan of gingerbread, and scoured the pots and pans and the kitchen floor. This lightened the work for the next seven days, and left Eyebright only vegetables and little things to cook, and the ordinary cleaning, bed-making, and dusting to do, which she managed very well on the whole, though sometimes she got extremely tired, and wished for Wealthy's strong hands to help her. Milk and butter came from Mr. Downs's every other day, and Papa was very good and considerate about his food, and quite contented with a dinner of potatoes or mush if nothing better was to be had, so the little housekeeper did not have any heavy burden on her mind as far as he was concerned.

The boat proved a great comfort when it came, which was not till more than a month after their settlement on Causey Island. Eyebright took regular rowing-lessons and practiced diligently, so that after a few weeks she became really expert, and Papa could trust her to go alone as far as the village, when the weather was fair and the sea smooth. These rows to and fro were the greatest treats and refreshments after house-work. Sometimes it happened that her errands kept her till sunset, and she floated home on the incoming tide, just dipping the oars gently in now and then, and carried along by the current and a "singing" wind, which followed close behind and pushed the boat on its way. These were Eyebright's real "play" times. She kept a story going about a princess and a boat, and some water-fairies and a water-prince, and whenever the chance came for a solitary row, she "acted" it by herself in the old pleasant way, always wishing that Bessie or some other girl could be along to play it with her. Another girl,—some one to share work and fun, waking and sleeping, with her,—that was all which was wanted, she thought, to make Causey Island as pleasant as Tunxet.

But in spite of hard days and rainy days, and days when she felt like idling and could n't, occasional discomforts, the need of doing without things, and a lonely fit now and then, that summer was on the whole a happy one to Eyebright. Islands have their drawbacks, but they have their advantages as well. Going about in a boat is one of these. For, "only think," she told her father one morning, "if we had gone anywhere else,—that was n't an island, I mean,—we never should have had a boat, and I should n't know how to row. We should just be walking about on the

road like anybody else. I should n't like that a bit now, should you, Papa?"

CHAPTER VIII.

SHUT UP IN THE OVEN.

YOU will probably think that it was a dish of pork-and-beans, or an Indian pudding of the good, old-fashioned kind which was shut up in the Oven. Not at all. You are quite mistaken. The thing shut up in the Oven was Eyebright herself! And the Oven was quite different to anything you are thinking of,—cold, not hot; wet, not dry; with a door made of green sea-water instead of black iron. This sounds like a conundrum, and as that is hardly fair, I will proceed to unriddle it at once and tell you all about it.

The Oven was a sort of cave or grotto in the cliffs, four miles from Scrapplehead, but rather less than three from the causeway. Its real name was "The Devil's Oven." Country-people, and Maine country-people above all others, are very fond of calling all sorts of strange and striking places after the devil. If Eyebright had ever heard the whole name, perhaps she might not have ventured to go there alone as she did, in which case I should have no adventure to write about. But people usually spoke of it for shortness' sake as "The Oven," and she had no idea that Satan had anything to do with the place, nor for that matter, have I.

It was from Mrs. Downs that she first heard about the Oven. Mrs. Downs had been there once, years before. It was a "natteral curocity," she said, with all sorts of strange sea-creatures growing in pools, and the rocks were red and quite beautiful. It was n't a dangerous place, either, and here Mr. Downs confirmed her. You could n't get in after half-tide, but anybody could stay in for a week in ordinary weather, and not be drowned. There were plenty of places a-top of the cave where you could sit and keep dry even at high water, though it would be "sort of poky," too. Eyebright's imagination was fired by this description, and she besought Papa to take her there at once. He promised that he would "some day," but the day seemed long in coming, as holidays always do to busy people; and June passed and July, and still the Oven was unvisited, though Eyebright did not forget her wish to go.

August came at last,—the delicious north-of-Maine August, with hot brilliant noons, and cool balmy nights, so different from the murky, steamy August of everywhere else,—and was half over, when one afternoon Papa came in with a piece of news.

"What should you say, Eyebright, if I should go off for the whole day to-morrow?" he asked.

"Why, Papa Bright, what do you mean? You can't! There is n't anywhere to go to."

"There 's Malachi."

"Oh, Papa, not in our little boat!"

"No, in a schooner belonging to Mr. Downs's brother. It has just put in with a load of lumber, and the captain has offered me a passage if I like to go. He expects to get back to-morrow evening about nine o'clock. Should you be lonesome, do you think, Eyebright, if I went?"

"Not a bit," cried Eyebright, delighted at the idea of Papa's having a sail. "I'll do something or other that is pleasant. Perhaps I'll go and stay all day with Mrs. Downs. Anyhow, I'll not be lonely. I'm glad the captain asked you to go, Papa. It'll be nice, I think."

But next morning, when she had given Papa his early breakfast, watched him across the causeway, and seen the sails of the schooner diminish into two white specks in the distance, she was not sure that it was nice. She sang at her dish-washing and clattered her cups and spoons, to make as much noise as possible; but for all she could do, the house felt silent and empty, and she missed Papa very much. Her plan had been to go to the village as soon as her work was done and make Mrs. Downs a visit, but later another idea popped into her mind. She would go to the Oven instead.

"I know about where it is," she thought. "If I keep close to the shore I can't miss it, anyway. Mr. Downs said it was n't more than two miles and three-quarters from the causeway. Two miles and three-quarters is n't a very long walk. It wont be half-tide till after ten. I can get there by a little after nine if I start at once. That'll give me an hour to see the cave, and when I come back I'll go down to the village and stay to dinner with Mrs. Downs. I'll take some bread and butter, though, because one does get so hungry up here if you take the least little walk. What a good idea it is to do this! I am glad Papa went to Malachi, after all."

Her preparations were soon made, and in ten minutes she was speeding across the causeway, which was safe walking still, though the tide had turned, her pocket full of bread and butter, and Genevieve in her arms. She had hesitated whether or not to take Genevieve, but it seemed too sad to leave her all alone on the island, so it ended in her going too, in her best bonnet and a little blanket shawl. The morning was most beautiful, dewy and fresh, and the path along the shore was scented with freshly cut hay from inland fields, and with spicy bayberry and sweet fern. A belated wild-rose shone here and there in the hedges, pale and pink. Tangles of curly, green-brown fringe lay

over the clustering Virgin's Bower. The blue lapping waves, as they rose and fell, were full of sea-weeds of a lovely red-brown tint, and a frolicsome wind played over the surface of the sea and seemed to be whispering something funny to it, for the water trembled in the sun and dimpled as if with sudden laughter.

The way, as a general thing, lay close by the shore, winding over the tops of low cliffs covered with dry yellow grasses. Now and then it dipped down to strips of shingle beach, or skirted little coves with boundaries of bushes and brambles edging the sand. Miles are not easy to reckon when people are following the ins and outs of an irregular coast. Half a dozen times Eyebright clambered to the water's edge and peeped round the shoulder of a great rock, thinking that she must have got to the cave at last. Yet nothing met her eyes but more rocks, and surf, and fissures brown with rust and barnacles. At last, she came on a group of children, playing in the sand, and stopped to ask the way of them.

There were two thin, brown little girls in pink-and-gray gingham frocks, and pink-and-gray striped stockings appearing over the tops of high, laced boots. They were exactly the same size, and made Eyebright think of grasshoppers, they were so wiry and active, and sprang about so nimbly. Then there were three rosy, hearty-looking country children, and a pair of little boys, with sharp, delicately cut faces, who seemed to be brothers, for they looked like each other and quite unlike the rest. All seven were digging holes in the sand with sticks and shovels, and were as much absorbed in their work as a party of diligent beavers. When Eyebright appeared, with Genevieve in her arms, they stopped digging and looked at her curiously.

"Do you know how far the Oven is from here?" asked Eyebright.

"No," and "What 's the Oven?" answered the children, and one of the gray-and-pink little girls added: "My, what a big doll!" Eyebright scarcely heeded these answers, she was so delighted to see some children after her long fast from childhood.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"A fort," replied one of the boys.

"Now, Fweddy, you said you'd call it a castle," put in one of the girls.

"Well, castles are just the same things as forts. My mother said so."

"Is that your mother sitting there?" asked Eyebright, catching a glimpse of a woman and a baby under a tree not far off.

"Oh, dear, no! That's Mrs. Waurigan. She's Jenny's mother, you know, and 'Mandy's and Peter Paul Rubens's. She 's not our mother at

all. My mother's name is Mrs. Brown, and my papa is Dr. Azariah P. Brown. We live in New York City. Did you ever see New York City?"

"No, never. I wish I had," said Eyebright.

"It's a real nice place," went on the pink-and-gray midge. "You'd better make haste and come and see it quick, 'cause it's de-te-rotting every day; my papa said so. Don't you think Dr. Azariah P. Brown is a beau-tiful name? I do. When I'm malled and have a little boy, I'm going to name him Dr. Azariah P. Brown, because it's the beautifulest name in the world."

"She's 'gaged already," said the other little sister. "She's 'gaged to Willy Prentiss. And she's got a 'gement wing; only, she turns the stone round inside, so's to make people b'lieve it's a plain gold wing, and she's malled already. Is n't that cheating? It's just as bad as telling a weal story."

"No, it is n't either!" cried the other, twirling a small gilt ring round on a brown finger, and revealing a gem made, apparently, of second-rate sealing-wax, and about the color of a lobster's claw. "No, it is n't cheating, not one bit; 'cause sometimes the wing gets turned round all by itself, and then people can see that it is n't plain gold. And Nelly's 'gaged, too, just as much as I am, only she has n't got any wing, because Harry Sin——"

"Now, Lotty!" screamed Nelly, flinging herself upon her, "you mus' n't tell the name."

"So your name is Lotty, is it?" said Eyebright, who had abandoned Genevieve to the embraces of Jenny, and was digging in the sand with the rest.

"No, it is n't. My really name is Charlotte P., only Mamma calls me Lotty. I don't like it much. It's such a short name, just Lotty. Look here; you did n't ever see me till to-day, so it can't make much difference to you, so wont you please call me Charlotte P.? I'd like it so much if you would."

Eyebright hastened to assure Charlotte P. of her willingness to grant this slight favor.

"Are these little boys your brothers, Lot—— Charlotte P., I mean?" she asked.

"Oh no!" cried Nelly. "Our bwother is lots and lots bigger than they are. That's Sinclair and Fweddy. They aint no 'lation at all, 'cept that they live next door."

"Their mamma's a widow," interposed Charlotte P. "She plays on the piano, and a real handsome gentleman comes to see her 'most every day. That's what being a widow means."

"Look here what I've found!" shouted Sinclair, who had gone farther down the beach. "I guess it's a shrimp. And if I had a match I'd make a fire and cook it, for I read in a book once that shrimps are delicious."

"Let me see him! Let me see him!" clamored the little ones. Then, in a tone of disgust: "Oh my! aint he horrid-looking and little. He is n't any bigger than the head of a pin."

"That's not true," asserted Sinclair; "he's bigger than the head of my mamma's shawl-pin, and that's ever so big."

"I don't believe he's good a bit," declared Lotty.

"Then you sha'n't have any of him when he's cooked," said Sinclair. "I've got a jelly-fish, too. He's in a hole with a little water in it, but he can't get out. I mean to eat him, too. Are jelly-fish good?" to Eyebright.

"I don't believe they are," she replied. "I never heard of anybody's eating them."

"I like fishes," went on Sinclair. "My mamma says she guesses I've got a taste for nat-nat-ural history. When I grow up I mean to read all the books about animals."

"And what do you like?" asked Eyebright of the other little boy, who had not spoken yet, and whose fair baby face had an odd, almost satirical, expression.

"Fried hominy," was the unexpected reply, uttered in a sharp, distinct voice. The children shouted and Eyebright laughed, but Freddy only smiled faintly in a condescending way. And now Eyebright remembered that she was on her road to the cave,—a fact quite forgotten for a moment,—and she jumped up and said she must go.

"Perhaps Mrs. Waurigan will know where the Oven is," she added.

"I guess so," replied Lotty; "because she does know about a great many, many things. Good-bye!—do come again to-morrow, and bring Dolly, wont you?" and she gave Genevieve one kiss and Eyebright another. "You're pretty big to play with dolls, I think. But then"—meditatively—she's a pretty big doll, too."

Mrs. Waurigan was knitting a blue-yarn stocking. She could tell Eyebright nothing about the Oven.

"I know it's not a great way off," she said. "But I've never been there. It can't be over a mile, if it's so much as that; that I'm sure of. Have you walked up all the way from Scrapplehead? I want to know? It's a long way for you to come."

"Not so far as New York City," said Eyebright, laughing. "Those little girls tell me they come from there."

"Yes; the twins and Sinclair and Freddy all come from New York. Their mother, Miss' Brown, who is a real nice lady, was up here last year. She took a desprit fancy to the place, and when the children had scarlet fever in the spring, and Lotty was so sick that the doctor did n't think she'd ever get over it, she just packed their trunk and sent

them right off here, just as soon as they was fit to travel. She said all she asked was that I'd feed 'em and do for 'em just as I do for my own; and you would n't believe how much they've improved since they came. They look peaked enough still, but, for all that, nobody'd think that they were the same children."

"And did the little boys come with them?"

"Yes. They're neighbors, Miss' Brown wrote, and their mother wanted to go to the Springs, or somewhere, so she asked might n't they come, too. At first, I thought I could n't hardly manage with so many, but they have n't been a bit of trouble. Jest set them anywheres down on the shore, and they'll dig all day and be as happy as clams. The only bad things is boots. Miss' Brown, she sent seven pairs apiece in the trunk, and, you would hardly believe it, they're on the sixth pair already. Rocks is dreadful hard on leather, and so is sand. But I guess their Ma wont care so 's they go back strong and healthy."

"I'm sure she wont," said Eyebright. "Now I must be going, or I sha'n't be able to get into the cave when I find it."

"You'd better come in and get a bite of something to eat as you come back," said Mrs. Wauri-

gan. "That's the house just across that pasture. 'T aint but a step out of your way."

"Oh, thank you. How kind you are!" replied Eyebright. Then she said good-bye and hurried on, thinking to herself,—“Maine is full of good people, I do believe. I wish Wealthy could come up here and see how nice they are.”

It seemed more than a mile to the Oven, but she made the distance longer than it was by continually going down to the water's edge to make sure that she was not passing the cave without knowing it. It was almost by accident that in the end she lighted upon it. Strolling a little out of her way to pick a particularly blue harebell which had caught her eye, she suddenly found herself on the edge of a hollow chasm, and, peeping over, perceived that it must be the place she was in search of. Scrambling down from her perch, which was about half-way up one side, she found herself in a deep recess, overhung by a large rock, which formed a low arch-way across its front. The floor ran back for a long distance, rising gradually, in irregular terraces, till it met the roof; and here and there along these terraces were basin-like holes full of gleaming water, which must be the pools Mrs. Downs had talked about.

(To be continued.)



DISCUSSING THE MUZZLE QUESTION.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

BY HATTIE S. RUSSELL

I 'VE read somewhere about a girl
 Whose cheeks are rosy red,
 While golden tresses, curl on curl,
 Bedeck her pretty head.
 Her eyes, I'm told, are bright and blue,
 Her smile is kind and sweet;
 The errands she is asked to do
 Are done with willing feet.

'T is said that when she goes to school
 She 's just the sweetest lass!
 So quick to mind the slightest rule,
 And prompt in every class.

To girls and boys she 's never rude
 When all are at their play;
 Her "conduct"—be it understood—
 Is "perfect" every day.

Where lives this child, I cannot say,
 Nor who her parents are,
 Although for many a weary day
 I 've sought her near and far.
 If you should ever see her smile,
 As o'er the world you rove,
 Just hold her little hand a while,
 And give her my best love.

"HAY-FOOT! STRAW-FOOT!"

MANY boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march; but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the war of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling and training among the militia-men all over the country, especially in the larger cities and towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York City, much of the drilling of newly enlisted men was done in what is now City Hall Park, in front of a tavern which stood where the *Sun* newspaper building is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country, and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard and bear as much fatigue as any soldier in a regular army; but they walked as they pleased, and had no ideas about such things as "keeping step." It is even said that there were fellows among them who did not know their right foot from their left, and who were therefore continually getting themselves and their companions into disorder by mixing up their legs,—that is, moving out their right leg when the officer who was drilling them called out "Left," and the other leg when he called out "Right." If they could have put both legs forward at once, it is probable that they would sometimes have done so.

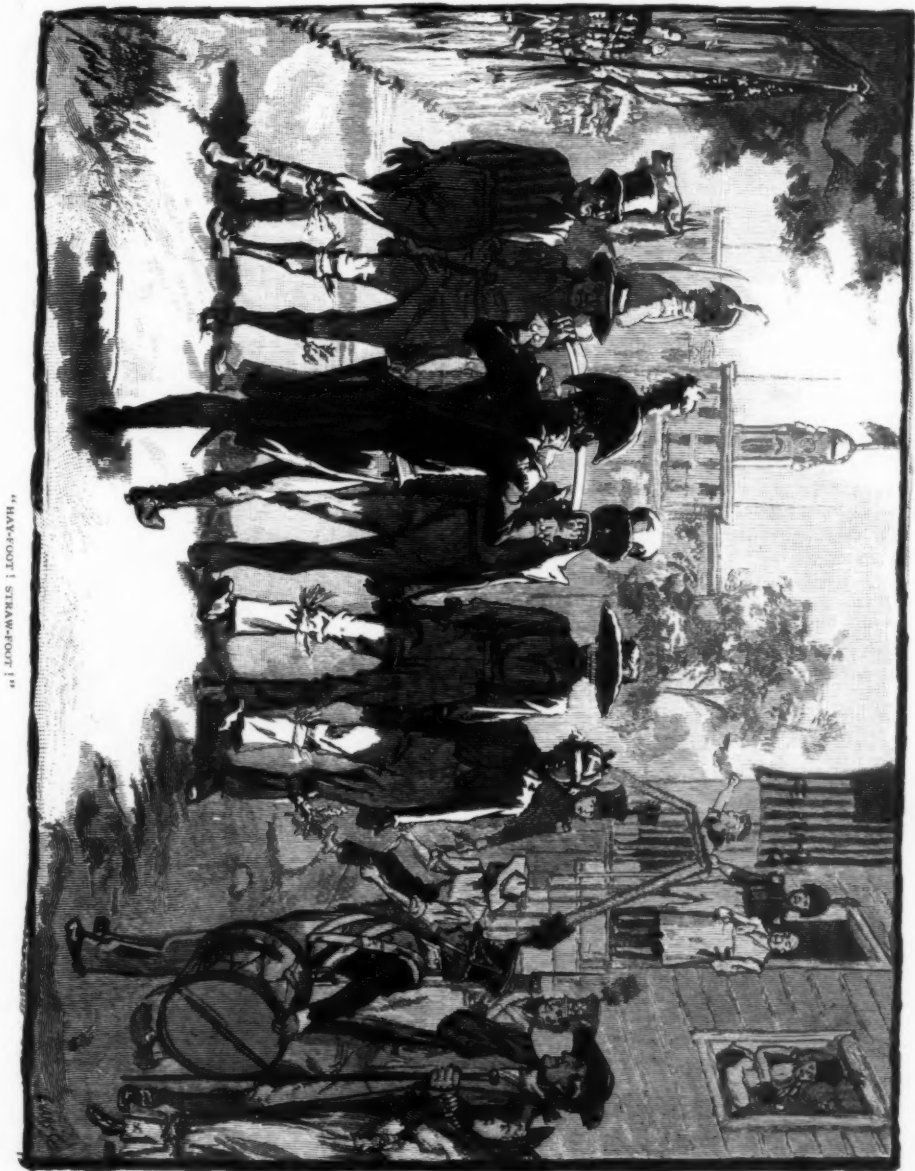
To make these men understand exactly which leg was meant when the officer gave his orders, a curious plan was devised. Around the right leg of each man, just below the knee, was tied a wisp of hay, while a wisp of straw was tied around his left leg. Now, these country fellows knew very well the difference between hay and straw, and so, when they were ranged in line and the officer gave the word to march, and called out, "Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot," each one of them understood exactly which was the foot he must put forward.

It sometimes happened, however, that a man would be so busy observing his companions,—and perhaps making fun, at the same time, of their attempts to walk like soldiers,—that he would forget his own business, and put forward his "straw-foot," when "hay-foot" was called for.

It must have been very funny to see these raw recruits—here a country ostler in high boots and striped shirt; there a farmer in his shirt-sleeves and broad straw hat; then, perhaps, a village doctor or school-master, with his high beaver hat and his spectacles, with a tall boy near by in cap and short jacket—all marching side by side, with hands down by their sides, thumbs turned out, eyes fixed on the officer as he stepped backward before them, and all keeping time to the monotonous call of "Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot!"

The regular soldiers who may have been drill-

ing at the same time probably smiled, if they did not dare to laugh, at these queer-looking men, any of them chanced to come to town to see their sons or brothers drill, doubtless thought the affair



with their hay and straw bound legs; but the mothers and fathers and sisters of the recruits, if a fine military display, and that Jeremiah or Caleb would be a general yet, if the war lasted long enough.



"GLORIES."

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

JULIA was set to put Baby's shoes and stockings on; but he was a big baby and she a little girl; he pulled away from her and ran, laughing gleefully, out on the porch. There his laughing changed to screaming exclamations of delight.

"See de glories! Dudy, see de glories!"

He cackled and clapped his hands, and jumped about in a way best known to babies,—a prudent way, which leaves one foot on the floor while the other is in the air.

"Dudy, come!" he kept on calling.

No wonder Baby laughed and clapped his hands, and capered about! The whole side of the porch was covered with morning-glories,—blue, white, pink, purple. There seemed to be thou-

once, and sprinkled the floor with the brightness. Then he made a sudden discovery.

"Itty pairsols! itty pairsols!" he screamed in ecstasy.

"Yes," said sister Julia, joining in the play.

"Here's a blue parasol for dolly Belle; and a



THE FAIRIES THEMSELVES.

sands of the bright things, and how wide-awake they looked! He gathered two armfuls of them at



SOLDIERS.

white one for Gertrude Elsie; and a pretty pink one for Mittie Mattie."

When they were tired playing parasols, which was in about a quarter of a minute, Julia made a discovery: the morning-glory blossoms were elfin horns,—bugles and trumpets and cornets of a fairy musical band, to be used at a grand Fourth of July celebration.

Then she pinched out and bit out little pieces for doors, and stood the blossoms up for fairy tents and pavilions, and showed Baby the chimney-holes

where the smoke came out when the elves brewed nectar, and boiled busy-bee tongues and made

—a brigade of valiant soldiers in gorgeous regiments?

After that, fairy-ropes and soldier-hats were devoted to decorative art. Baby's face and hands and feet were painted. Then Miriam's United States History was brought out; and the faces of all the presidents were colored purple, excepting those that were colored green, with the cups of the "glories;" the White House was made blue; Independence Hall was about to have a red coat when the breakfast bell rang.

As soon as he heard that joyful tinkle, "Baby" dropped the "glories" and the book, and cried that he must have his shoes and stockings put on for "bekfus," and then sister Julia suddenly re-



DECORATING BABY'S HANDS.

mosquito mince-meat. What a beautiful encampment the bright blossoms did make, to be sure, all arranged in stars and circles and heart-shapes! But pretty soon, Baby blew a great breath, and then Julia said a terrible hurricane had swept away the tents.

The next thing was to stick little green twigs through the chimney-holes of the overturned tents, and lo! there were the fairies themselves, in fashionable dresses,—blue, with white overskirt, and pink with purple ruffles. When the skirts began to lose their starch and to droop, fresh "glories" were put on the heads of twigs from the big apple-tree, and who was there to dispute Miss Julia's words when she announced the wonderful result,



PAINTING THE PRESIDENTS.

membered that she had forgotten all about such things as shoes and stockings. The "glories," the tents, the soldiers, the fairies, the bugles and the trumpets had entirely covered them up in her little mind.



CATCHING THE CAT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE mice had met in council;
 They all looked haggard and worn,
 For the state of affairs was too terrible
 To be any longer borne.
 Not a family out of mourning—
 There was crape on every hat.
 They were desperate—something must be done,
 And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said:
 "It might prove a possible thing
 To set the trap which they set for us—
 That one with the awful spring!"
 The suggestion was applauded
 Loudly, by one and all,
 Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be
 About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
 A little under his breath—
 They should confiscate the very first mouse
 That died a natural death,
 And he'd undertake to poison the cat,
 If they'd let him prepare that mouse.
 "There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
 "Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
 Arose with a solemn air,
 And, by way of increasing his stature,
 Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
 He waited until there was silence
 All along the pantry shelf,
 And then he said with dignity,
 "I will catch the cat myself!"

"When next I hear her coming,
 Instead of running away
 I shall turn and face her boldly,
 And pretend to be at play;
 She will not see her danger,
 Poor creature! I suppose;
 But as she stoops to catch *me*,
 I shall catch *her*, by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
 Yes, even the old ones, when
 A gray-haired sage said slowly,
 "And what will you do with her then?"
 The champion, disconcerted,
 Replied with dignity, "Well,
 I think if you'll all excuse me,
 'T would be wiser not to tell!"

"We all have our inspirations—"
 This produced a general smirk—
 "But we are not all at liberty
 To explain just how they'll work.
 I ask you then, to trust me;
 You need have no farther fears—
 Consider our enemy done for!"
 The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
 Said a small mouse, nervously.
 "Run, if you like," said the champion,
 "But I shall wait and see!"
 And sure enough she was coming—
 The mice all scampered away
 Except the noble champion,
 Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith, of course they had—
 They were all of them noble souls,
 But a sort of general feeling
 Kept them safely in their holes,
 Until some time in the evening;
 Then the boldest ventured out,
 And saw, happily in the distance,
 The cat prance gayly about!

There was dreadful consternation,
 Till some one at last said, "Oh,
 He's not had time to do it,
 Let us not prejudge him so!"
 "I believe in him, of course I do,"
 Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
 "But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
 And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
 Still prances about that house,
 And no message, letter or telegram
 Has come from the champion mouse.
 The mice are a little discouraged;
 The demand for crape goes on;
 They feel they'd be happier if they knew
 Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—
 It is very short you see;
 So no one, of course, will skip it,
 For fear of offending me.
 It is well to be courageous,
 And valiant, and all that,
 But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice,
 Before you catch the cat.

HOW TO MAKE A HAMMOCK.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

"T IS N'T so very hard," said Netty, "if you do only two or three rows a day and have Tommy or somebody to help wind the twine and pull the

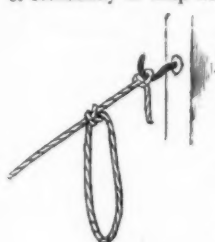


FIG. 1.

knots tight. It hurts your fingers after a while. Tommy says girls' fingers are no account, anyway; but, Mamma tells him he 'll think differently in a few years. We made all of it between us last winter. You see, I and Tommy and Mamma went down to Quissnocket in the

summer and staid in Mrs. Clegg's house. Mr. Clegg, he 's a sort of fisherman-farmer, 'specially fisherman, and has a sloop, and boats, and nets, and lots of things, and Bill Clegg helps him. He 's been whaling, Bill has, and he 's real nice. One day, Tommy and I found him mending a net, and it was fun, and he showed us the stitch. Tommy was awful stupid about it, but I learned right away. Then Bill said that if Tommy would make two needles and two mesh-sticks, so we could each have one, he would show us how to make a hammock all our own selves, if we wanted to.

"So I drew a pattern of the needle and Tommy took the measure of a mesh-stick. Bill said we must have hard wood for the needles, so we hunted about and found a thin piece that Tommy said would do. Tommy 's a first-rate whittler, and he

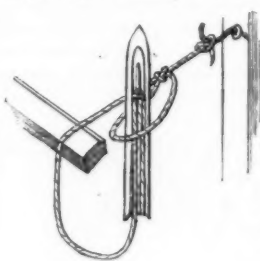


FIG. 2.

made two needles.* It wasn't very easy, but I helped.

"The mesh-sticks were not so hard, because they were soft. I mean, because we made them from soft wood, although hard wood might be better. My own mesh-stick makes a mesh a little less than two inches square. That 's a good size for a hammock. The beveled edge helps to keep the meshes even.

"Pretty soon there came a north-easter, when we could n't play out-doors, and Mr. Clegg

and Bill were at work in the shop where they mend their boats and nets and things, and Bill said it was a good time. So he gave us what he called a 'hank'—I should have called it a skein—of nice white twine, and Tommy and I wound it off into two balls, one for each of us. Then we had to thread our needles. We fastened the end of the twine round the 'tine' and passed it down one side of the needle, through the notch of the 'heel' up the other side, round the tine again, and so on until the needle was nearly as full as it could hold."

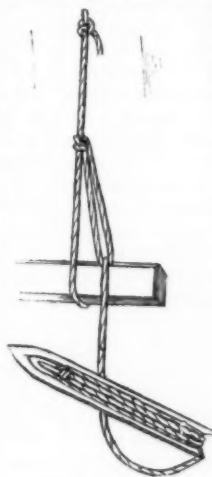


FIG. 3.

"Wait a minute, Netty," said I. "Please show me just how to do it all. I would like ever so much to know."

"So I will. I 'll make you a doll's hammock," said Netty, "and then you will know just how to make a big one."

Netty forthwith threaded her needle, fastened the end of the twine to a hook in the wall which she and Tommy used for the purpose (anything firm will do), and tied a loop in it.

Then she laid the twine over the mesh-stick, passed the needle up through the loop (Fig. 2) and pulled it tight, so that the end of the loop rested on the bevel of the stick (Fig. 3).

"Now look," she said. "I hold the stick in my left hand, with my thumb on the twine and the needle in my right hand. With a quick motion I throw a 'bight' of the twine so that it lies across my left wrist and over the loop (Fig. 4). Then I push the point of the needle up between the loop and the twine to the left of the loop (through the opening as shown in Fig. 4), pull needle and all through, and bring the knot into shape. Now I 'haul taut' with my right hand (in the direction of the dotted lines), and the knot is tied."

As Netty pulled, loop B tightened around the two parts of loop A, and loop A, in turn, tightened around the part that passes through it. There was danger that loop B would slip down beyond loop A,

* See tail-piece,—"Tools and Materials." Eight to ten inches is a convenient length for the needle. The mesh-stick is about the same length, and it will make a mesh just twice its own size. That is, a stick one inch square will make a two-inch mesh.

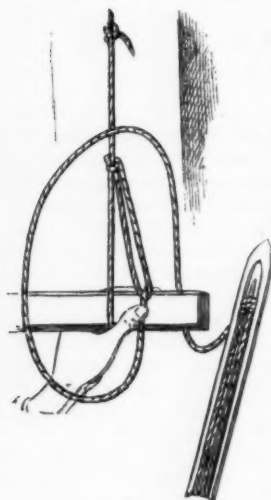


FIG. 4.

first loop." And she held out the work to me.

Netty had by this time made a string of loops or meshes, which looked like this (Fig. 6).

Then she took the end from the hook, untied the first loop, because it was not the right size, and spread the meshes open on the table (Fig. 7). Next she passed a cord through the upper row, tied the ends together, hung it over the hook, and proceeded to finish the rest of the rows. The stitch was just the same as before. She did with mesh E (Fig. 7)

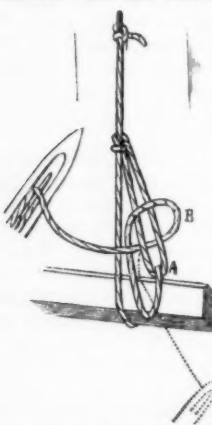


FIG. 5.

the work over, and went back, knotting the new meshes through those last made, until she had the five rows completed, twenty-five meshes in all.

in which case the mesh would not be firm. My teacher said that practice made it easy to avoid this.

"Now," continued Netty, "I slip out the mesh-stick, and take the same stitch through the second loop; and so on and on, until I have made twice as many meshes as my hammock is to be wide. Five will be enough for this little hammock, I think.—There! Now I've made ten meshes, not counting the

just what she did with the original loop, but she did not slip the mesh off the stick as at first. Instead, she went on knotting through D, C, and so on, until there were five new meshes on the stick, their knots lying side by side along the bevel.

In working a large hammock, she told me it is easiest to make ten or a dozen meshes before slipping them off from the stick. When one row was finished, she slipped them off, turned

"There," said she, "that finishes the hammock part. Now I'll show you about the 'guys,'—the long strings, you know, at the ends. They're just nothing at all but big meshes. The easiest way to make them even is to wind the twine a certain number of times around the mesh-stick instead of only once, as in the small meshes, and then knot through the next mesh as usual."

When Netty had finished the row of guys, she cut the twine about an inch from the last knot, gathered the guys together, hung them over the hook, and removed the cord that passed through the first row of meshes.

"Now," she said, taking the end that had been on the hook, and the end of the twine that was on the needle, "I'll show you how to tie two ends together when you break your twine or begin with a fresh needleful: Form the horizontal loop, with the end from the hook in your left hand, place the other end behind the loop, hold it there with thumb and finger, then pass the needle over and under, as in Fig. 8. Then pull them tight and cut off the ends. Mamma says this is nothing but a weaver's knot, but Bill calls it a 'becket-hitch,' and Tommy and I like that best."

Netty finished the other row of guys, and then spread the whole affair out on the table (Fig. 9).

Of course, it was a simple matter to gather the ends together, and there was the little hammock all complete.

"How large do you make a big hammock?" I asked; "how many meshes, I mean?"

"Sixty wide and sixty long for a two-inch mesh," answered Netty. "If you have smaller meshes you must make more of them, or you'll find your hammock too narrow."

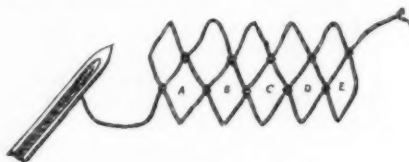


FIG. 7.

"And how long ought the guys to be?"

"Oh, as long as you like. Half a yard, or a yard, more or less."

"What are those rings or eyelets [Fig. 10] in the ends of the large hammock?"

"Those are not rings; they're thimbles," said



FIG. 6.

Netty, correcting me, and bringing a pair like those among the "tools and materials."

"You can get them of any size in brass or gal-

vanized iron, or you can have brass ones nickel-plated if you like. It is not necessary to use them; but if you do, you must "serve" the eyes of the hammock. To do this, stretch the guys of each end to their full length, lay them alongside each other evenly, and gather together tightly. Then wind them with the cord as firmly and evenly as possible, until you have wound rather more than the circumference of the thimble; double the rope thus made, slip in the thimble, and wind the whole together a little below the thimble,—far enough to be quite secure,—cut your twine, and tie-in the ends. Two persons are needed to do this nicely."

"How many hanks does it take to make a large hammock?" I asked.

"Somewhere between two and three," said Netty. "You must get three. Tommy and I went into a store, the other day, where they had twine of all kinds, and beautiful needles ready-made, and thimbles, and everything except mesh-sticks. Of course you can use any kind of cord

you like, but white soft-laid cotton is about the best. Fifteen or twenty-thread seine-twine is a good size for general use, we've found."

"Now tell me how much the materials cost, and how long it takes to make a full-sized hammock."

Netty had to consult Mamma before she could be certain. Between them they made out that the hanks cost 25 to 35 cents each, according to weight, the needles, 15 cents, and galvanized thimbles 10 cents a pair. Brass thimbles and steel needles cost a little more. As to the time, they were not altogether sure, but thought that half an hour a day would finish a hammock in about a month.

"The twine will be sure to chafe your fingers if you don't wear gloves, or manage to take a turn round the needle when you pull the knots tight, and you would do well to make a little hammock for practice before you begin the big one."

These were Netty's farewell words. The next day I went down town and bought my materials, and I finished a beautiful hammock in just about one month. I am bound to say that it is rather hard work for most girls, but it is the very thing for boys, and they can make all sorts of fishing-nets with the same stitch, only changing the size of the mesh-stick, according to the size of the fish they wish to catch.

Since my talk with Miss Netty, my friend Tom has privately assured me that she did not do much of the really hard work; "but," said he, magnanimously, "she did all that could be expected of a girl, and helped lots, and read to me while I was at work, so I had a good time, anyhow."

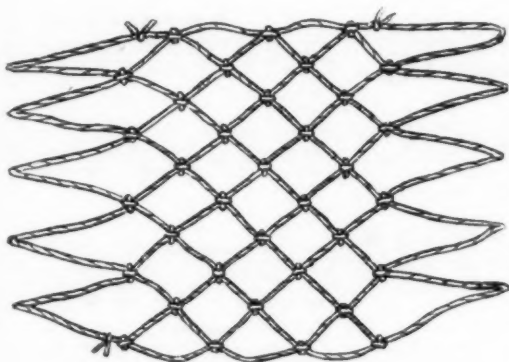


FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

FOURTH OF JULY MARCH,

SECONDO.

By WM. K. BASSFORD. Op. 78. No. 3.

Tempo di Marcia. Con Spirito.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note patterns with accents. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *ff*, *f*, and *sf*.

Hail Columbia.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a crescendo marking (*cresc.*). The lower staff includes a part for the Oboe Bassa (*Ott. bassa...*). Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

The third system shows further development of the themes. The lower staff again features the Oboe Bassa part. Dynamics include *piu f* and *sf*.

The fourth system continues with energetic passages. Dynamics include *f*.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The lower staff features the Oboe Bassa part. Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, and *ppp*.

FOR FOUR LITTLE HANDS.

PRIMO.

Tempo di Marcia. Con Spirito.

Hail Columbia.

8va.....



8va.....



HOW HAROLD CAME TO TELL HIMSELF A STORY.

HAROLD did not know how to read, so, you may be sure he was not thinking about what was in the book before him. After he had eaten his supper, he went upstairs to ask his papa to tell him a story. Papa was in the parlor talking to a gentleman, so that, when Harold ran into the library and shut the door behind him, he found nobody there.

Now, the door was big and heavy, and Harold was too little to turn the great handle and open it again. He tugged for a while, and then he stood still to think, a few tears in his eyes. His first thought was:

"I need not cry. Mamma says it is of no use to do that. If I cry, Papa will not tell me a story, and I want one about two frogs."

He looked through the key-hole, but saw nothing; so he put his mouth to it and called: "Hallo! Papa!" Then he called, "Mamma!" and "Katy!" But nobody heard him.

Then he climbed up to the table, and turned over the leaves of all the books he could reach. "What funny books!" he said. "Not any pictures in them! What can they tell about? If I could read, may be they would tell me why Papa does not come upstairs!"

Harold's eyes were all wet again, and he had to wipe them. But soon a happy thought came to him, and he said:

"I will tell myself a story! Papa told it to me one night, and I will tell it to myself again:

"A boy was so big that he could lift a little boy upon his back. But he was cross. He had to carry a heavy load of beets to market in a wheel-barrow. But he was so cross that he could not make the wheel-barrow go straight, then it ran against stones and the beets fell out. Carts came along, and a pig ran in where the beets were and ate some. That made the big boy mad. When the wheel of the barrow broke, he was so cross that he could not mend it, and when he asked a man to do it, the man said: 'No, I will not do anything at all for a cross boy!' So he had to do it himself. Then he ran against a man and hurt him, and when he got to market he tipped over a basket of eggs.

"And the market-man said that the big boy was too cross to work, and that he could not pay him any more money.

"So the big boy had to go away.

"But a little boy came and helped the man pick up the eggs, and took the beets out of the wheel-barrow and put them in a big box, and he



was not a bit cross. So the market-man said: 'Little boy, you are of much more use than a big, cross boy, and you can work for me, and take home lots of pennies to your mamma, and ——'

But, just as Harold got to that part of the story, the door opened, and there was his papa! Papa was so glad to find his little boy happy, and not fretting, that he told him a story about ten frogs instead of two.

VOL. VI.—42.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THERE'S no time for long introductory remarks in July, my dears; and the reason why is all out-of-doors, on "hill and field and vale and river," as somebody says. Well, my advice to you is: Keep there as much as ever you can (out-of-doors, I mean), and drink in the sweet air and bright sunshine to your hearts' content,—and *their* content, for that matter—for I believe that air and sunshine like to be breathed and enjoyed, as the Heavenly Father intends them to be.

Now, my stanch little Americans, unfurl your flags on the Fourth, and be as patriotic at heart as ever you can be,—but don't burn your little hands and faces; and, above all, don't forget that true patriots always honor the bravery of the foes they have beaten.

Now, my beloved, you shall hear something about

A CITY CARRIED ON CAMEL-BACK.

THE whole city of Cairo in Egypt was carried to its place on the backs of camels. Not in one parcel, of course, but bit by bit. Every piece of stone for building, and all the wood and other things for the same purpose, all the fuel, all the furniture, all the food—all Cairo, in fact, came in camel-loads!

This was in the year 969. Now there is a steam railroad running into the city from the great seaport of Alexandria; and horses also are in use, though only for pleasure carriages, I'm told.

THE ROBIN THAT RANG A BELL.

Elmira, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I am reminded by your remarks in April, about the Campanero or Bell-bird, of the following actual facts:

Our little boy, Johnny, took it into his head one day to set a teabell on top of the wood-house, fixing it with a spiral spring, and attaching it to a slender wooden frame of his own make.

To one end of the spring Johnny tied a cord, long enough to reach the ground. By pulling this cord he could ring the bell, and so call the family to meals. But it was not long before he tired of doing this.

One bright summer morning, when Grandpa went out to the barn at five o'clock, he was much surprised to hear Johnny's bell ringing. Looking quickly about the yard, he saw a big Robin Red-Breast pulling away at the cord. I suppose Robin thought it would be just the thing to weave into the new nest he was building. When first the bell rang, Robin dropped the cord, peeped about a moment as if astonished, and then, not to be discouraged, tried a second time. Again the bell rang, and again Robin dropped the cord; but, still unwilling to give up, he tried once more to fly away with the string. The bell rang louder than ever this time, so Robin gave up trying and flew away.

Grandpa then cut some yarn into bits, and put them near the bell-cord, and, though no one saw Robin do it, there's no doubt that he took them, for in a few days they were gone, and the nest in the maple beside the gate was ready for his little wife.—Yours truly,
V. E. D.

A WASP-NEST ON FIRE.

A WASP-NEST set itself afire, one summer, in Caracas, and, as the nest was built in a closet under the roof of a house, it almost set the house afire, also! This was due, I'm told, partly to the heat of the weather, and partly to the yet greater heat produced by the materials of which the paper-like walls of the nest were made.

So, take warning, all wise boys and girls, and don't let wasps build nests under the roofs of your homes and play-houses; don't keep your homes and play-houses in Caracas—whatever or wherever that may be—during very warm weather; and "don't let fiery tempers make themselves at home beneath the roof of your hearts"—as Deacon Green might say, if he were by, only I feel sure that he is away somewhere in the shade trying to keep cool and quiet.

Now let's turn to a little scrap pleasant to think of just now:

WINTER IN MINNESOTA.

"THIRTY degrees below zero! The windows are curtained with rime. Icicles hang on the beards of the men at work out-of-doors, and horses wear shining coats of frosted silver mail."

KUCHOO!

THERE is a plant—a distant cousin of mine, related to all of us Arums—that grows in the southern parts of England and almost everywhere in India. The people are very fond of it,—as food, I mean. The roots are crushed and steeped, to get from them a kind of powder which the English country-folk call "Portland sago," and the Indian natives name "kuchoo," as if it made them sneeze with delight just to think about it.

BONNETS WITH LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

I AM asked to inform you, my hearers, that soon after the invention of the lightning-rod, the ladies of Paris, France, thought it fashionable, as well as safe, to wear a bonnet ornamented at the very top with a thread of bright metal. To this was attached a little silver chain which reached down the back over the dress and touched the ground. It was believed that the lightning would be caught by the metallic thread, and would then be so polite as to run along the chain down into the earth without harming the wearer of the bonnet.

At about the same time, too, umbrellas made of silk were fitted with wires and chains in a similar

fashion,—so that the holders might enjoy cozy walks during thunder-storms, I suppose, without getting scared.

I do wonder if the lightning really cared a bit for all their patent arrangements.

A QUEER PLAYMATE.

Carson City, Nevada.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My sisters have gone to Virginia, and I feel real lonesome. I have been trying to tame a wild-cat. She will eat out of my hand, but will not come into the house; and when I lay a piece of meat on the ground, she picks it up with her paw and puts it into her mouth.—Yours truly, ANNIE LEAH.

FAITHFUL KAMICHI.

YOUR Jack feels proud to introduce to you the Chaja or Faithful Kamichi. Here is his portrait, my youngsters.

The Kamichi has a fine crest of feathers arranged in a circle at the back of his head, and he stands up straight and sturdy, as though he had work to do and meant to do it.

He is very easily tamed and taught, and proves himself a good friend to man by being a wise and

one of the many birds of prey, or perhaps some stealthy four-footed creature, comes near his flock, he instantly spreads out his broad wings, which are armed with strong, sharp spurs, and at once sends the enemy flying. There is n't the hint of skulking anywhere in him, and he never lords it over the poultry, or other birds weaker than himself, but is always the bold, brave, devoted champion of those who are given to him to be cared for and defended.

LUKEWARM BOILING WATER.

NOW, my bonny cooks! answer me this: Did you know that there are parts of the world where boiling water is not "boiling-hot"?

Well, there are such places, as some men of science once found out, to their sorrow.

They were roving among the Chilian Cordilleras, —which are lofty mountains in the west of South America,—looking for specimens botanical, geological, ornithological, ichthyological, entomological, zoological, and so on. One day, after a long morning tramp, they felt hungrier than usual, and set one of their number to boil some fresh vegetables for dinner while they finished exploring the neighborhood.

The wise man built a fire, and hung the pot of water and vegetables over the blaze. In a surprisingly short time, the water began to bubble and hiss, and a few minutes later the man called his companions, who ran up, delighted that dinner was ready so soon, and quickly fell to eating. All at once, the hungry men turned frowning on their cook, asking him:

"What in the world made you call us before the things were done?"

"Well," said he, amazed and ashamed, "I am sure they boiled long enough. Suppose you try to boil them yourselves?"

Then they put back the untouched vegetables into the pot, hung it over the fire, and, standing in a ring, watched it anxiously. As soon as the water had boiled a good while for the second time, they took out the things and again began to eat them.

But still the vegetables were not half cooked!

At last one of these wise men called to mind that water needs less heat to make it boil on a high mountain, where the air is very light or rare, than when the boiling takes place near the level of the sea! So that, although there was heat enough to boil the water, there was not enough to cook the vegetables in the water, and the wise men had to fry them in a pan.



FAITHFUL KAMICHI.

faithful servant. His home is chiefly in Brazil and Paraguay, where men trust him with the entire charge of their flocks of poultry throughout the day. He leads the fowls to the fields and feeding-places in the early morning, and at night brings them back in safety to their roosts. Whenever

THE LETTER-BOX.

SEVERAL readers of the illustrated article about the Kitchen-garden, in the April number, ask where they can obtain the book containing the music-notes, songs and instructions, for carrying on a school on the plan described. Miss Huntington herself publishes the book, which is finely printed, illustrated and bound. Her address is 125 St. Mark's Place, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is an example in algebra which I cannot work, although, of course, I can see what the answer is. Will you please get some of your readers to work it and let me know through the "Letter-Box"?—Yours truly, H. C. HOWLAND.

PROBLEM.

Given $x^2 + y = 7$, and $y^2 + x = 11$;—to find the value of $x + y$.

SKIFFIO.—The letters S. P. Q. R. on the standards of the ancient Romans were the initials of the words "Senatus Populus-Que Romanus," which mean "The Senate and the People of Rome."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like you to answer a question which puzzles me. Why does the ticking of a clock vary in sound? Sometimes it is quite loud, and then it is so low I scarcely can hear it at all. I am quite sure it has nothing to do with my hearing, for I am not deaf in the least.—Your devoted reader, OLLIE GODFREY.

Some of the teeth of the wheels are not so well oiled as others and so they make louder ticks; and some teeth are just a little larger or smaller than others, or are differently shaped, and this, too, would make the sounds vary. If the adjustment of the wheels upon their axles happens to bring them the least bit out of line, the noises will be unequal. When everything but the clock is quiet, even the faint ticks seem loud, and so it may be at times that surrounding noises which we do not separate from the general hum, or to which we are so used that we do not mark them, drown some part of the sound of the ticks.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went up to Potter's Mountain last summer; from it was a view I shall never forget. The hill stretched below us in great waves, and far down in a beautiful valley lay the lakes Onota and Pontuon, looking like diamond isles upon an emerald sea. The little country towns scattered over the mountains, with their white church spires standing out against the dark foliage, gave the scene a picturesque appearance, and the setting sun burst from behind the mountain-tops, flooding the earth and sky with flashes of red and purple and golden light which slowly died away.

M. A. K. (12 years).

A LIVE DOLL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is many a little girl who has a doll with such a natural head and face, such beautiful real hair, such complete suits of clothes, and such perfect little gloves, shoes and bonnets, that it seems as if but one thing is wanting to make that doll perfect, and that is that it should be alive. How delighted most girls would be if their dolls were alive, and could walk about and talk! I mean, of course, those dolls which look like real little girls or little ladies.

Well, I know of such a doll as this. She is not nearly so large as many dolls; her head is no bigger than a man's fist, and she is but a little taller than the seat of a dining-room chair; one of her tiny hands will go through a large finger-ring, and she has dear little feet about two inches long. And yet she is alive, and can walk about and talk and play! It need not be supposed she is a little baby, for she is fifteen years old, and has long hair, which is done up beautifully, just like a grown lady's hair, and she will never be any bigger. She weighs only five pounds, and that is only about half as heavy as most very young babies. I saw a little girl, thirteen months old, pick up

this tiny creature and hold her in her lap. So it is easy to imagine how small and light she is.

This live doll is a little Mexican dwarf, named Lucia Zarate. She has been on exhibition in New York and other cities, and some of the boys and girls who read this may have seen her. She is different from most dwarfs, not only in being a great deal smaller, but in being so well formed. Her head is no larger in proportion than the heads of ordinary people, or of dolls, whereas a dwarf generally has a large head on a small body. A little fellow, called General Mite, who is shown with Lucia, has a head much too big for his body. He is larger, every way, than she is, and he looks like a child dressed up as a man. But Lucia is a perfect little woman, or, rather, a perfect little live doll. She has a Mexican countenance, with dark complexion and



THE LIVE DOLL.

large nose, and her black eyes look out from under heavy eyelids, but she is very bright and lively, and has a very high temper, which she sometimes shows. She has very handsome clothes, with long trains to some of her dresses, and she walks about as if she knows she is better dressed than most of the ladies who are looking at her.

When this little creature was born, she was only nine inches long, and she used to sleep in a large overshoe! Think of such a tiny human being as that, which could kick and cry, just like other babies! I wonder how many of the ST. NICHOLAS girls would like to have such a live doll, who would walk and talk and eat and drink and go to sleep just like anybody else, and yet could sleep in a doll's bed and wear doll-clothes, and be carried about and held in the lap as easily as a common doll, that is not alive? P. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mary who had a kitten and a dog. One day another little girl came to see her. After a while they commenced to play "tea-party," and they wanted the kitten to play with them; but she could not be found, so they got along without her. After a while, however, the little girl went to go home, but when she lifted her muff out jumped the kitten.

The next day Mary went up to her room to get her hat. She could not find the band-box; but pretty soon it came walking along the shelf, and from it came spits and growls. When it got near Mary, it suddenly jumped on to the floor, and away ran the cat chased by the dog, for both of these animals had been in the band-box. They both ran helter-skelter into and around the yard at full speed. Suddenly the cat disappeared in a large pail of water, and as soon as the dog reached the pail in he went, too, and then the water appeared like the sea in a storm. Mary, when she saw this, ran down the path and soon had the dripping culprits before the fire.—Yours truly,
A. G.

TO W. I. S. AND OTHERS: In the number of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1879, you will find full instructions, with diagrams, telling "How to make a boat."

E. F. T.—Since the year 1860, Nice has been a part of France; but it used to be in Italy, and the name "Lombardy" is commonly given—though not with strict correctness—to all that part of Italy which lies northward of Tuscany. At the present day, however, there is no tract of country in Italy which bears officially the name of "Lombardy."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the south-eastern part of Iowa, on the Des Moines River. One night in March our brick school-house was burned. I went to see it smouldering away in its ashes, all but the outer walls. After a few weeks they came and took the walls down and piled up the brick.

We go to school in the upper part of the Town Hall now, with the Fire Department on the story below us making a good deal of racket. So we feel safe, as the noise proves they are awake.

From your constant reader,
F. G. J.

Utrecht, Holland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am a little Dutch girl, I take ST. NICHOLAS and love it. I came across a pretty verse by Coppée, called "The Magyar." I made an English prose version of it; perhaps the American boys and girls will like it, so I send it you, hoping you will be kind enough to print it in the "Letter-Box."—I am, your loving reader,
CLARA CATHARINE MAY TWISS. (Aged 12.)

Istvan Benko was a Hungarian magnate from the Steppes. He wore on his thumb a ring in which was set a turquoise that grew pale whenever the Turkish foe approached. Istvan was immensely rich, and spent his money madly. Once he gave a country ball, to which he invited all his poor neighbors. He appeared dressed in a beautiful mantle, embroidered with gold sequins, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds of great value. They were loosely fastened, so that they might fall off as he danced. Of course, people were ready enough to pick them up; all but one old man who sat apart, with his arms folded, wrapped in a woollen mantle with wide sleeves. His nose was hooked, his long mustaches were of a silvery white. He had not picked up anything. He was a Magyar.

Count Istvan Benko strode up to him and said: "Father, I would like to give you something; but see, I have not a single sequin or jewel left! Why would you not pick up anything?"

The old man answered: "I could not without stooping!"

ALL communications of any kind from the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS should be accompanied by the full names, ages and addresses of the writers, which will be held strictly private, if the writers so desire.

How many of the readers of the "Letter-Box" agree with "An Illinois Boy" in his notions of celebrating the "Fourth of July" with "more spirit"?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it is just shameful that the boys of America are getting so unpatriotic that they cannot celebrate the Fourth with more spirit.

When I woke up on the morning of the Fourth, last year, I expected to hear a great racket; but, instead of that, I did not hear more than two or three fire-crackers.

My brother was up firing his cannon, so I got up and commenced to fire mine (for I try to celebrate). After breakfast my brother and I went up to grandpapa's orchard, where we found our two friends with their two brass cannons. Then commenced some lively firing. We fired all morning and half the afternoon. After supper we fired

our cannons, and looked at the two or three solitary rockets that went up around the neighborhood.

Now, boys of the ST. NICHOLAS, and of Illinois especially, I write to you and ask you to remember this next Fourth that it is the day that made our glorious country (for glorious it is, in spite of all the newspapers say) free and independent, and, as it comes but once a year, I think it is shameful that you cannot celebrate it with spirit.

AN ILLINOIS BOY.

Who can tell J. E. B. the name of the queer bird he writes about? It appears to be a polite creature, and to give good advice.

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know the name of a bird that I have heard singing a song. It is about the size of a sparrow and of a gray color. Some of them say, "Mr. Persevere," and some say only "Persevere." It came where father and I were at work. It stayed a little while and then went off.—Your constant reader,
J. E. B.

CAN any reader of the "Letter-Box" answer the following?

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one year and three months. Will you please tell me when England was discovered? I am 8 years old.

ERNEST W. WOODWARD.

Clinton, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about my "children" which I take care of. First, I have four little chickens, then I have blackbirds, robins, brown thrush, and sparrows, besides a canary, and my dolls, of which I have twelve.

I have fixed a bath-tub for the birds to bathe in, and the blackbirds always take their turn first. Sometimes a robin gets in first, and if a blackbird sees him he scolds him till he flies away.

The song-thrush is a very beautiful singer, but is very shy, and we have never seen it bathe, but have seen it drink. We enjoy the thrush very much more than the blackbird, for, though the blackbird is very handsome, it is so bold, and it has no music in its voice.—Your little friend,
ODA HOWE (age, 11 years).

Huntington, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl that has to do dishes every morning, and I make a great fuss about it sometimes, too. I hope every little girl that reads this will not make such a fuss about it. I have a little tea-set, which consists of six cups and saucers, a tea-pot, a milk-cup, a sugar-bowl, two drinking-cups, one tumbler, one knife and fork, and seven spoons. And, beside these, I have some tin dishes. And I have a little cupboard to keep them in. I am seven years old, and I printed this with my pen all by myself.

DAISY P. TRUDGE.

Rye, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about my pets. Well, I have two nanny goats, and a little dog that came to us about three weeks ago. We tried to find its owner but could not; so we kept him. The goats are very useful to me. (Mother does not think them useful. They eat the clothes on the lines, and horn up the rose-bushes.) I harness them and do all the errands. Every one is afraid of them, so I let them run about the place without a fear of their being stolen, but they are very gentle to me, for they know what's good for themselves. I am your devoted reader,
DAISY B.

H. H. A.—Many good answers have come to H. H. A.'s question printed in the May "Letter-Box." They all seem to agree that the warmth of the climate of France is due, at least in part, to the influence of the warm ocean current called the "Gulf Stream," and to winds that blow from the hot lands of Africa; and that the coldness of the climate about Newfoundland is due in great measure to chilling winds from the snowy wastes of northern British America, and to an Arctic current that sweeps past the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Following is a list of the names of those who sent answers. The names occur without regard to merit or the order in which the letters were received:

Charles I. S.—Jenny A. Seaman—A. P. C.—Maggie E. B.—Clara S.—Primm D. Noel—Maud Harvey—Julia Lathers—Horatio A. Warren—N. H. W.—Rosa—B. S. A.—May Walsh—Wm. H. Barnes—Berrie E. S.—Alice M. Downing—Cyrus F. Judson—G. G. Burnett—Lucille Andrews—M. E. B.—Pansy Murray—Arthur E.—Willie I. Pert—Mamie H.—Mamie B. French—Almira Briggs—Bessy Norton—Archie Freeman—L. G. Townsend—Arthur W. D.—Jennie Kimball—Charles Campbell—N. K.—Charles S. Emerson—Anita L. Smith—A. F. D.—Louis V. Fuller—Katie Sampson—Maude Sanderson—Eddie Churchman and others—Mary F. Carothers—S. M. D.—J. W. W.—Geo. M. Reese—Bertha Paul—Grace Hall—M. V. Wood—Clara Louise Smith—S. M. C.—S. C. De Lamater—Medoren Green—Fred N. Kress—John S. Clute.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

ABOUT MACARONI.

THE picture which I have drawn shows Yankee Doodle at about the moment when, riding on a pony,

"He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni."

It is about this expression, "Macaroni," I wish to write what I have found out by asking questions and reading in books.

In England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, most of the dandified things of that time—such as table-forks, etc.—came from Italy, and were called "macaroni," which is Italian, derived from a Greek word meaning "very dainty."

About the time of Oliver Cromwell, appeared a verse which some have thought was meant to make fun of him. The verse runs:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Up on a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni."

But History says Cromwell came from Huntingdon; and I think he was not the kind of man to wear feathers and brag of them. He was stout, red-faced, and rather rough; not slim and foppish.



"YANKEE DOODLE."

In Sheridan's play, "The School for Scandal," are these lines:

"Sure, never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these, macaronis.
To give them this title, I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long."

Washington Irving tells us that, in the War of the Revolution, some Maryland regiments, who wore very gay uniforms, were known as "The Macaronis"; and he adds that "they showed their game spirit." So, it seems, they could fight well, besides dressing well.

Another author says: "A hundred years ago, the slang of a certain sort of fop was 'macaroni.' He was distinguished chiefly by the strange way in which he dressed his head; and he wore feathers in his hat."

This is all I have been able to find out about the word "Macaroni," used in the song "Yankee Doodle"; and it seems to mean something or somebody very dainty or finical, and to have very little to do with the food called "macaroni," although that also comes from Italy.

J. V. L.

THE FAIRIES' HAMMERS.

Once there were two little girls, and their names were Edith and Isabel Walters. Edith was seven years old, and Isabel was five. They were very good in some things, and very bad in others, but the worst

one of all was screaming at the table. Their Papa invited a gentleman to supper one evening. So he came, of course, as everybody does when they are invited. So Papa talked and talked to Mr. Fields until supper was ready. Edith and Isabel did not know what Papa and Mr. Fields were talking about, although they sat on their Papa's lap. The supper-bell rang, and they went to supper. Before their Papa had sat down, they screamed:

"Papa! give me some reed-birds!"
"Wait a minute, children," said he. Then he turned to Mr. Fields, and said: "Mr. Fields, can I give you some reed-birds?"

"Yes, if you please."
"Oh, Mamma! I do wish you would help me to some pears," said Edith.

"But, Papa, I want some reed-birds. I wish you would give me some," cried Isabel.

"Do wait until I help your Mamma."

"Mr. Fields," began Mamma—"hush Edith—Mr. Fields, will you, —Isabel, do keep your spoon still,—Mr. Fields, will you have some pears?"

"Yes, if you please."
"Mamma, give me some milk; Mamma, give me some milk."
"Oh, do hush!" said Papa, "or I will send you away from the table."

"Mr. Fields, do you — Anna, please take those children away from the table. We cannot talk, for they make such a noise."

"Oh, Mamma! oh, Mamma! Please don't! We will promise not to make a noise."

"Mr. Fields, do you remember the day that we were going up the hill, and we saw an old man?"

"Yes, I think I do," he said. "He was —"
Isabel here interrupted him by throwing her spoon across the table.

Outside of the window-sill stood Queen Mab and her fairies.

"Did you ever see such children?" she said to one of the fairies by her side. "Let me see if I cannot think of something to cure them." So she turned to Pinky and said: "Pinky, can you think of anything to cure them?"

"I have just thought of something, and I think that it will cure them."

"What is it?"
"Why, to hammer them every time they are rude will cure them."

"Yes, I think so, too. Well, who will do it?"
"I will," said Pinky.

"And I will," said Blue.
"All right," said the queen.

So they flew in at the window, and Queen Mab and her other fairies flew away to fairy-land.

"Mr. Walters," began Mr. Fields.
"Papa, give me some reed-birds," said Edith.

"No more."
"Papa, my head hurts awfully."

"Mr. Walters, Mr. Cornell said —"
"Oh, Papa, it is raining," said Isabel, as she threw a piece of bread at her Mamma. "Oh, my head!"

"Mr. Walters," again began Mr. Fields, "Mr. Cornell said the other day that you once had a dog. Had you?"

"Yes, I had; but he ran away."
"Did he?"

"Mamma, give me some more pears!" cried Isabel.

"Yes."
"Oh, my—my head hurts me so!"

"I am sorry," said Mamma.
"Mamma, can I have some coffee?" cried Edith.

"Yes, dear," said Mamma.
"Oh, my, but my head hurts!" said Edith, as she came crying up to her Mamma.

"I am very sorry that your head hurts so much, dear."
So the fairies kept on hammering for two or three days. At last, Edith and Isabel found out that, every time they were rude, they were hammered on the head; so, after a while, they stopped being so rude, and their heads did not hurt so much.

So, one night, Pinky and Blue brought a beautiful wax-doll, and it had a little note for Edith and Isabel, which had in it:

"This doll is for Edith and Isabel,—a present from Queen Mab."
So Edith and Isabel had a very nice time, indeed, with the doll. And in the note there was:

"If you again behave as you did at the table, the doll will disappear, and you will never see it again."

So Edith and Isabel thought that it would be just as well not to behave that way.

E. S.

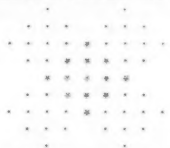
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

[Will every answerer of puzzles please mention, when sending the solutions, what will be his or her age next birthday?
The information will be kept strictly private.]

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

MY 1, 5, 2, is an insect. My 8, 4, 6, is a domestic animal. My 9, 7, 3, is an important article for giving light. My 10, 12, 13, 11, is a kind of walking-stick. My whole contains thirteen letters, and is the name of a large body of water. E. W. C.

A ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent blocks, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times, once as a point of its own block, and once as a point of each of the neighboring blocks. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A bone. 3. A wild animal. 4. A Turkish title of dignity. 5. In arrears.
- II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In terror. 2. A tool. 3. A bird, supposed to be of ill-omen. 4. An insect's home, and also that with which it catches its prey. 5. In union.
- III. Central Diamond: 1. In fear. 2. A tree whose wood is tough. 3. Tree-gum. 4. Quick and bright intelligence. 5. In junction.
- IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In credible. 2. An inclosed seat. 3. A part of a fortification. 4. A person fond of cracking little jokes. 5. In defensible.
- V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In caution. 2. A great weight. 3. Marked down. 4. A snare. 5. In ended. ISOLA.

EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.

In each of the following couplets, fill the first blank with a word which, after dropping its first letter, can be put into the second blank, and will then make sense as well as rhyme:

- 1. The fisherman, with line all —, Still kept his patience as he —.
- 2. At the first bite, the line he —, And off the fish fell from the —.
- 3. Pete drew a picture of a —, And drew it, too, with pen and —.
- 4. When sailing long in many —, Wise shipmen use the juice of —.
- 5. She glared on him in feeble —, For he had stepped upon her —.
- 6. The barber took his painted —, And stuck thereon one raven —.

HIDDEN REVERSED RIVERS.

In each of the following sentences find the name of a river concealed, the letters of the name being placed so as to spell backward:

- 1. I got a glove-box for my birthday-present. 2. William Wallace bled for his country. 3. Last week I bought a new "Shakespeare" in one volume. 4. My uncle was once chased by an elephant. 5. Mother has gone to buy some linen. 6. Tell me what you saw at Toronto. DYCIE.

PROBLEM.

TAKE 1000 and 50; divide by 1; add 50; and the answer will be less than a cent.

HIDDEN FRENCH MOTTO.

THE motto is in four words, meaning "Do everything well or not at all." The four words are concealed in the following sentence: "When you get out the Biennial Catalogue, please mail a copy to our friends at Capri, enclosing it in the wrapper which I now send to you." A.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

- 1. A EUROPEAN city. 2. Fragrance. 3. Belonging to Rome. 4. A reflection, a solid portrait. 5. More than sound. B.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, and my sum equals 207. I am used to denote business appertaining to cities.

My 1 ÷ my 3 = one-fifth of my 5.
My 2 × my 4 = one-fifth of my 3.
My 5 × my 1 = 2000 × my 3.

W. R. F.

SQUARE-WORD.

- 1. A COIN used formerly in Southern Europe. 2. Custom. 3. The plural form of the name of a kind of prison, often seen in houses and in which one sometimes keeps a little friend. 4. A deputy. 5. Quick to be angered. UNCLE WILL.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



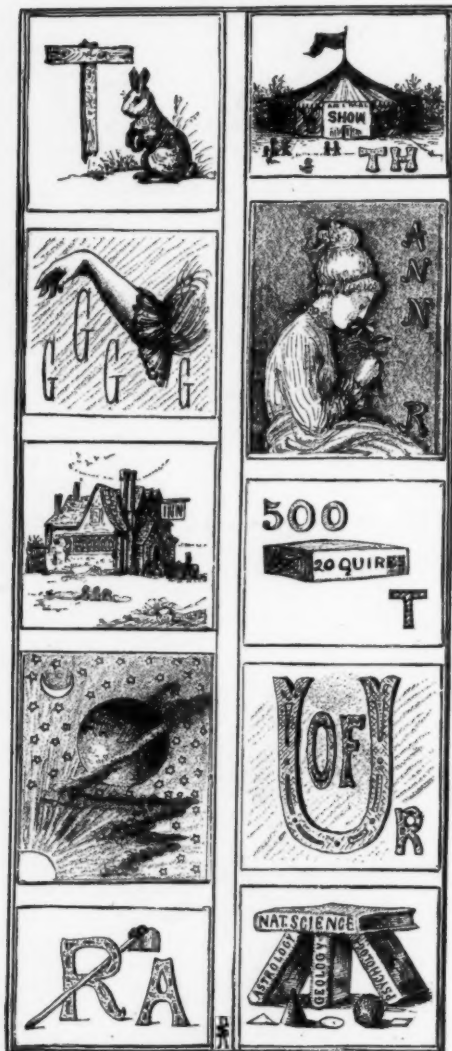
WITH the letters of the name of one of the plants represented in this picture, spell the names of the five others. J. P. B.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

1
1 2 3
1 2 3 4 5
3 4 5
5

- 1. MY 1 is in indescribable. 2. MY 1, 2, 3 is wicked. 3. MY 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is the name of a foreign city, a fashionable resort. 4. MY 3, 4, 5, is a cave. 5. MY 5 is in indiscriminate. D.

REBUS.



A QUOTATION from the play of "Hamlet"

Twitchell—Rob and Rosie Palmer—Henriette Bacharach—Bessie Hotchkiss and Tommy Hotchkiss—Fanny Arnot—Louise C. Jackson—Chas. H. Hull—Mary J. Hull—Collinsville—Rosie and Gracie Van Wagenen—Edith Wilkinson—Nellie C. Graham—Orlole—Robt. S. Swords, Jr.—C. A. Walker, Jr.—R. B. Salter—Rosa—Cassivelaunus—Lee Sturges—Birdie—Lewis Crull—Charles Campbell—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Edgar F. Jordan—Herbert James Tily—Jennie S. Ward—Sadie Duffield and Constance Grand Pierre—Bessie Boyce—Bessie Hard—Cornelia Golay—Daisy B. Hodgson and Topsy Hodgson—Annie A. Anthony—Arthur S. Walcott—Annie Wellington—Lulu Mathen—Floy Crowell—Flavel S. Mines—Kenneth B. Emerson—Robert A. Gally—Bird Johnston—"Winnie"—Will E. Nichols—G. Schirmer—Courtenay H. Penn—J. E. Brown—Florence L. Turill—Alice Suro—Helen B. Holmes—Reta S. McIlvaine—Henry W. Green—Vee Cornwell—Emma E. Brewster—Sally D. Swift—Frank Barker—Bessie C. Barney—"Mother Goose"—Lillie Burling—Josephine Farnum—Lula Kauffman—E. G. Seibels—Albert Thomas and Sheldon Emery—Louise Chapin Euen—Frank Bowman—"Hard and Tough"—"The Blanke Family"—Frances Hunter—Frank W. Foster—Alfred W. Stockwell—Bessie L. Reilly—"Malaga Grapes and Hard Crackers"—J. R. T.—Kate E. Earl—S. W. P.—F. L. P.—Belle W. Brown—Chas. F. Chase—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—R. B. and H. Adele G. D.—Baby—Bessie and her cousin—"X. Y. Z."—Curtis and Victor Scott—Ellie and Corrie—Prebo—Ida Cohn—Bessie T. Loudon—Hattie Fox—Fanny Richmond—S. J. de la Hunt—Trask—Wm. Wirt Mills—Loyal Durand—The Three Wise Men of Gotham—Narcissus—Clover Leaf—Julie Seaton—Kitty Atwater—A. Guyot Cameron—"Riddlers"—Frank P. Turner—Richard Stockton.

VERY EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in loss, but not in gain;
My second in trouble, not in pain.
My third is in near, but not in far.
My whole is a vast and luminous star.

DROP-LETTER HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

— A — A — A —
— A — A —
— A —
— A —
— A — A —
— A — A — A —

Central perpendiculars: The name of one of the United States.
Horizontal: 1. The name of a tropical fruit, in its plural form.
2. A pleasant dish of uncooked vegetables. 3. A carpentering tool.
4. In liberty. 5. A deity of ancient times. 6. One who was hanged on a gallows he had prepared for another. 7. A territory of western Africa. H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

TAKE just half a dozen;
Add one-sixth of frozen,
And one-fifth of weave,
And you'll have perceive.

LOUISE E. ANNA.

DROP-LETTER MOTTO.

THE motto is that of the English guild, or company, of Weavers.
W—A—K—R—T—W—T—T—U—T.

ALICE LANIGAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Baron. 2. Alone. 3. Roast. 4. Onset. 5. Netty.
GARDEN PUZZLE.—1. Pansy. 2. Hollyhock. 3. Pink. 4. Jonquil. 5. Mignonette. 6. Candytuft. 7. Larkspur. 8. Tulip. 9. Peony. 10. Phlox. 11. Ivy. 12. Portulacca. 13. Snapdragon.
COMBINATION PUZZLE.—1. Oscar. 2. Spade. 3. Capon. 4. Adore. 5. Renew.

A PAIR OF DIAMONDS.—1. S. 2. Van. 3. SaUer. 4. NEL. 5. R. 6. K. 7. ORD. 8. KrAut. 9. BUu. 10. T.

HEXAGONAL PUZZLES.—

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DANES		WANED	
I. ICENI	II. ARENA		
MERES	GARON		
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DIAMOND IN WORD-SQUARE.—1. Helot. 2. Elope. 3. Lover. 4. Opens. 5. Terse.

GEOGRAPHICAL PICTURE ANAGRAMS.—1. Charleston: I. T on arches. 2. Cologne: one clog. 3. Washington: hat on wings. 4. Wheeling: G in wheel. 5. Trenton: R on tent. 6. Kingston: K in tonge.—EASY CROSS-WORD.—London.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE AND WORD-SQUARES.—ASSEVERATION. I. 1. Ass. 2. Sec. 3. Set. II. 1. Eve. 2. Van. 3. End. III. 1. Rat. 2. Ate. 3. Tea. IV. 1. Ion. 2. One. 3. New.

REBUS.—The longest way about is the shortest way home.
TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Broadest, best road. 2. Steady, stayed. 3. Is held, shield, he slid, led his. 4. Supersede, pure seeds. 5. Other, or the. 6. Ye men, enemy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Florence Wilcox—Cyrus F. Judson—"7, 8, 9"—Julia Lathers—Chas. A. Higgins—Maud A. Wilson—Lester Mapes—S. W. P.—Clarence H. Young—Alice Potts—F. T. O.—Bertha Potts—Bessie Taylor—E. D. H.—J. Mondschein—Eddie F. Worcester—May L. Shepard—N. T.—Mary L. Otis—Jennie Kimball—Alice C. Hard—Cornelia Golay—Daisy B. Hodgson and Topsy Hodgson—Annie A. Anthony—Arthur S. Walcott—Annie Wellington—Lulu Mathen—Floy Crowell—Flavel S. Mines—Kenneth B. Emerson—Robert A. Gally—Bird Johnston—"Winnie"—Will E. Nichols—G. Schirmer—Courtenay H. Penn—J. E. Brown—Florence L. Turill—Alice Suro—Helen B. Holmes—Reta S. McIlvaine—Henry W. Green—Vee Cornwell—Emma E. Brewster—Sally D. Swift—Frank Barker—Bessie C. Barney—"Mother Goose"—Lillie Burling—Josephine Farnum—Lula Kauffman—E. G. Seibels—Albert Thomas and Sheldon Emery—Louise Chapin Euen—Frank Bowman—"Hard and Tough"—"The Blanke Family"—Frances Hunter—Frank W. Foster—Alfred W. Stockwell—Bessie L. Reilly—"Malaga Grapes and Hard Crackers"—J. R. T.—Kate E. Earl—S. W. P.—F. L. P.—Belle W. Brown—Chas. F. Chase—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—R. B. and H. Adele G. D.—Baby—Bessie and her cousin—"X. Y. Z."—Curtis and Victor Scott—Ellie and Corrie—Prebo—Ida Cohn—Bessie T. Loudon—Hattie Fox—Fanny Richmond—S. J. de la Hunt—Trask—Wm. Wirt Mills—Loyal Durand—The Three Wise Men of Gotham—Narcissus—Clover Leaf—Julie Seaton—Kitty Atwater—A. Guyot Cameron—"Riddlers"—Frank P. Turner—Richard Stockton.

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